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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Irish Land Bill was introduced to the House of Commons on Wednesday in a speech, the grip, the form, above all the confidence of which were reminiscent of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Wyndham has strong things in his favour denied to many who are intellectually his peers, possibly to some his superiors. He has rank and influence: which count: and blood, which will tell. But another and a great source of his strength, and secret of his success, easily may be discerned in this speech; it lies, to our mind, in the blend of imagination and a true business capacity. Mr. Wyndham has clearly a fine head for business. We believe that, like Lord Kitchener, he would make a first-class manager for many a big concern, such as the Army and Navy Stores. But by that capacity alone he could not have succeeded as he has. After all the talk about putting Government into the hands of “the Maples and Shoolbreds”—we fancy the phrase was Lord Randolph's—the fact remains that English people do not want as their leaders the shopman pure and simple, however sound his goods. Something more is indispensable, imagination. No English statesman of the front rank has been without it—though the second-rate men have done well without it, the Norths and Northcotes. Slow-witted people seem to think that Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded simply because of his business ability; they do not see that a strong imagination certainly of recent years has informed his policy.

Though it is not likely to be said of Mr. Wyndham's measure, as of at least one Irish land bill introduced within recent years, that it is not understood of many of the experts, it cannot be grasped easily except by those who study its provisions pretty closely. Certain features, however, stand out in bold enough relief. As regards the financial side: in the first place there is to be a new capital stock guaranteed 2½ per cent. secured on the value of the land to be raised through the Treasury, so that there may be the necessary cash for the advances the purchasing tenants will have to make. Mr. Wyndham considers that a hundred million pounds is a liberal estimate of the amount necessary to buy the whole of the saleable land: but to be on the safe side he names one hundred and fifty

million as the amount which can be charged on the Exchequer contributions. So much for the operation of “pure credit”. Next comes an arrangement of cash and credit mixed. As one million four hundred thousand pounds was devoted in 1902 to the purpose of the English Education Act, the Government acknowledges that it owes £185,000 a year to Ireland and intends to pay the debt. But any losses incurred by the first operation will be charged to this latter sum. The third operation is simply one of cash. To defeat the legal obstacles that have hitherto constantly militated against the success of land-purchase schemes, the British taxpayer—who as Colonel Saunderson reminded the House includes the Irish taxpayer, a fact sometimes overlooked—will guarantee advances up to a total of twelve million pounds; with this important reservation however, that an annual charge of three hundred and ninety thousand pounds shall not be reached as the limit in less than fifteen years.

Mr. Wyndham, without any appearance of juggling with his figures, as dextrous Chancellors of the Exchequer have sometimes been darkly suspected of doing, was able with conviction to declare that the financial arrangements of the measure entail no risk for the taxpayer, that the whole of the credit operation will be secured cent. per cent. upon the value of the land, and, besides, will be “mathematically secured” on the sums sent across to Ireland. Turning from the financial side: landlords and tenants are to arrange for the sale and purchase of the holdings, their transactions being subject to the supervision of Estate Commissioners: the estate, not the farm, to be the ordinary unit of purchase. The Government expect to be able to effect economies in administration that will save a quarter of a million a year. With fine taste Mr. Wyndham avoided flowers of speech. The debate in its effect might almost be described as a one-speech debate. Mr. Redmond as the chief representative of the Nationalist tenants and Colonel Saunderson of the Ulster landlords spoke in favour of the bill, Mr. T. W. Russell called it a great bill and Mr. Healy a great measure of appeasement. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman merely “interposed for a few moments”, and was not at his ease. One might liken him to a “transient and embarrassed phantom”, only he is not nearly so transient as Lord Rosebery and the “Daily Mail” wish him to be, and is too prosaic to be styled a phantom.

His party do not quite know what to do with Mr. Perks, whom Mr. Labouchere rather indelicately now refers to in “Truth” simply as imperial Perks without

even the inverted commas or the ordinary title of courtesy—Mr. He will want a still less courteous address, now that Chertsey has returned the Conservative. At the moment when Liberal unity was being chaunted with impressive vigour in Surrey Mr. Perks wrote a letter to urge that if the Radical member did not pledge himself to reject Home Rule, the nonconformists might as well vote for the Conservative. One section of his party has discounted the letter as an individual opinion and therefore of little moment; another section consider it as inspired by the Liberal League and therefore marks off the wider divergence of the two sections. In the meanwhile Mr. Perks is much talked of everywhere, so that the letter has not missed its mark. Nor can any nonconformist afford to neglect the logic of Mr. Perks' argument. A nonconformist who makes nonconformity—and this is almost universal—the centre of his political creed cannot square his political principles with the Home Rule which was identified, in a dishonest but very effective electioneering cry, with "Rome Rule". The qualified approval extended by the Irish party to the Education Bill emphasises Mr. Perks' argument. But how nonconformists can feel hostility to a Bill which was marred in its essence by concessions to their views, it is not easy altogether to comprehend. The explanation perhaps is that weakness and compromise please none.

It is long since Lord Rosebery has spoken so attractively as in his speech in the House of Lords on Tuesday on his motion as to the Council of Defence. "The spacious days of Arthur and of Joseph" will long be remembered to Lord Rosebery's credit, as much as to the disadvantage of his next Ministry, if he should be one of the Cabinet whom he was proleptically commiserating. And the Earls of Scampersdaile came in with the happiest effect—they were interlopers in no sense. How much happier this allusion to Sponge and his sporting tour than the cheap threadbare tags from Dickens! No, for pleasure in speaking we must go to Lord Rosebery. We shall never do better. If all the world were a debating club, and every word academic, we would have Lord Rosebery perpetual Prime Minister, for it is the Prime Minister who has to speak the most. Unfortunately there is action as well as speech. Even the suggestion of Lord Kitchener for War Secretary cannot be laughed down as merely academic; so Lord Rosebery had better leave that alone for ever. Then as to economy, well it is easy to hold up pious hands of horror at the enormous expenditure, and as popular to tell people that they are overtaxed; but Lord Rosebery knows that as the State undertakes more and more what private persons used to do, so it must spend more. That does not prove that the country is going beyond its means.

Probably Lord Rosebery regards what he had to say as to the army as his most serious contribution to the discussion of practical problems. He admits he has no special claim to speak on the matter, but he thinks the Government is providing for too large an army. But the expert, who studies what is required of an army and reasons from experience, is convinced that Mr. Brodrick's figure of 120,000 men, ready for dispatch where required at any point of the Empire, is not a man too many. The Boer war, if it taught anything at all, taught the need of a much larger army than we had. And yet the critics, the moment we have scrambled out of the wood, are for immediately falling back into the old state of deficiency. Lord Ripon yesterday said that Mr. Brodrick ought to have held his hand till the war was over, but if Mr. Brodrick had waited the chances are nothing whatever would have been done. Lord Rosebery was weakest when he propounded his own specific. The country is to call upon all her sons to rise in her defence! Does not little Switzerland succeed in that way in providing a huge defensive reserve? Yes, but, as Lord Newton pertinently observed, by compulsion. That makes just the whole difference. And it was not very ingenious of Lord Rosebery to leave compulsion out of the account in Swiss military arrangements.

General Sir Hector Macdonald did excellent service as a sergeant and as an officer. At the action of

Omdurman, he showed the world how in circumstances of extreme peril he was capable of meeting a great emergency. But the tactics he then employed so successfully find no place in modern war; they were precisely the best in the circumstances and were a fine vindication of the power of steady drill and good solid formations against an immensely superior horde of savages. When, after Wauchope fell at Majesfontein, Macdonald was appointed to the command of the Highland Brigade it was felt by many soldiers that, once again, the fact of a man being a hero with the populace had been permitted to outweigh more important military qualifications. The correctness of this view is to be found in the record of the Highland Brigade—as a Brigade—in South Africa, subsequent to his appointment. Still, he was a fine fighting soldier, who did noble work for his country and we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that some means were not found whereby he might have been permitted to resign his command and thus, at least, save his name from being connected with the painful memories, which must now for ever be attached to it.

If one may judge the international conference at Bloemfontein by its want of advertisement—and no negative test is safer—its work has been worth a great deal; but the decision arrived at unanimously on the last day is so far-reaching and satisfactory that one has hesitation in accepting the bare announcement. It is announced that the delegates of the Cape, the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, Natal and Southern Rhodesia have signed a customs convention, by which a preferential tariff for British goods is promised and as it were the commercial federation of the five colonies, so far as inter-colonial trade is concerned. The details of the convention will not be published till June, but if it is at all according to the official notification given to the Chamber of Commerce in Johannesburg, the reform antedates by many months even Mr. Chamberlain's most sanguine estimate of "the coming of the commonwealth". In any case the promised lowering of the railway rates will do much to relieve one of the great causes of dissatisfaction in the new colonies, the excessive price of all imported food. Simultaneously with the conclusion of the conference began the liberation of Cape rebels, which Mr. Chamberlain promised in his last speech at the Cape. It must always be a dangerous policy to show tenderness to the crime of rebellion; but it is something that this concession has been taken even by so bitter a party paper as "Ons Land" as an act of grace; and from this text is preached the duty of gratitude and of working for harmony. One would like to trust the sermon; but the conduct of the preacher is the measure of its value.

Calcutta is convulsed over the site of the Victoria Memorial Hall. After a year of silent thought, the European and native communities with unusual unanimity have risen in vigorous protest against the place selected by the Viceroy and his advisory committee. It trespasses unsuitably, they find, on the noble Maidan which is at once the glory of Calcutta and the relief of its panting citizens in the oppressive season when the rulers of India have moved as near to paradise as Simla can take them. The classic building designed by Emerson may be, as is claimed, the most beautiful made since British dominion in India began. But none the less will it intercept the life-giving breezes and narrow the cool recreation ground which the inhabitants value more than even a white marble temple thronged with "curious or reverent crowds". The eloquent and trenchant note in which the Committee defends its position contains a pregnant suggestion that if Calcutta cannot give an appropriate site, there are other parts of India that can. So perhaps out of the battle of the Maidan the rest of India may come by its own. The selection of Calcutta for the Memorial was loudly challenged at the time on behalf of the wider public who subscribed the money and have no enthusiasm for the embellishment of Calcutta. Delhi or Agra is the appropriate place for an imperial monument.

President Castro has resigned, refused to reconsider his resignation, and has resumed the Presidency—all

within the week. He says the first two steps were dictated by patriotic motives; and by way of proving it finished his first presidential career by a turbulent outburst against the rapacity of Britain and Germany. Such a manner of clinching a bargain removes this noisy President from the possibility of being considered as a responsible statesman; and his resignations, resumptions and South American oratory are not worth reckoning as serious events in politics; nor can one hope that the effect of the shuffle will be to put a stop to the repeated revolutions which are an unending amusement and a continuous detriment to the unhappy country. As President Castro's agreement to pay his debtors a portion of their debts is signed by the Ambassador of the States, to which President Castro is never tired of expressing his devotion, one can hardly suppose that even he meant his resignation as an excuse for evading his obligations. Possibly he has so soon come back to the place, to which his talents for South American politics entitles him, because of his absolute failure to excite even a flutter of excitement in the States. Apart from international complications he found himself an unimportant person.

The French Chamber passed on Thursday the last of the Authorisation bills presented by the Government; and M. Combes reached his grand climacteric. The Order of the Carthusians was abolished. They have lived for nearly a hundred years in buildings conceded to them by the State and they have been formally authorised, as M. Ménard argued, by a decree promulgated in 1816. During these years they have brought very considerable wealth to the department of the Isère and the individual monks had themselves kept to their principles of poverty. M. Combes did not exercise his ingenuity in answering arguments. "The Carthusians", he said "had used their wealth in active propaganda against the Republic". Their authorisation was refused, after a scene of some tumult, by a majority of more than a hundred votes. On the same day, amid a popular outburst of indignation, five sisters of charity were brought to trial at the Palais de Justice for the crime of visiting the poor and nursing the sick without previous application for authorisation. Sister Jacob was taken as the arch-offender: "I am a little *Sœur de l'Assommoir*" she said; "a sick nurse of the poor. I never thought, and I do not yet believe, that there can be a law forbidding acts of charity". She was fined a hundred francs and her fellow-sinners fifty. They had been using, one must suppose, their instinct of charity "in active propaganda against the Republic". If these are the enemies of the Republic, who are its friends?

Paris has been not a little perturbed by a statement made by one M. Elina before an examining magistrate. He was being questioned as to his alleged share in the fabrication of some paintings when he announced that he could prove the existence of a regular factory of ancient masterpieces. Excitement chiefly centres round the "Tiara of Saitapharnes" for which the Louvre authorities gave 400,000 francs. The tiara has at present been withdrawn from public gaze. Its authenticity is still in question, and M. Elina has confessed himself guilty of a pious hoax; but there is much authority for believing it a forgery. This, it is understood, is the opinion of Dr. Murray and other authorities at the British Museum to whom several similar forged pieces of antique gold—afterwards purchased, we are glad to say, for a good price by Mr. Pierpont Morgan—have been brought from time to time. The due air of mystery surrounds the tiara; the "Eclair" caps all rumours by publishing an interview with a man who professes to know the Russian goldsmith who made the tiara, but with intent to deceive no one unless it were a bogus savant or two. As a result of M. Elina's assertions a commission has been appointed to study the general question of authenticity of the Louvre treasures. It is a wise step; but perhaps no museum in the world is less in want of testing than the Louvre.

A striking account is given in a letter by Sir William Crookes to the "Times" and a special article in that paper relating to certain experiments made with the

substance called radium by its discoverer M. Curie, an eminent French scientist. Last week Sir William Crookes himself exhibited at the Royal Society some beautiful experiments showing emanations from radium whose impact on a sensitive screen of certain materials causes it to glow with a phosphorescent light: and this emission apparently goes on without the radium diminishing in mass. M. Curie's demonstration is still more remarkable. Radium is shown to emit heat several degrees Centigrade above the temperature of its surroundings. This takes place "without combustion, without chemical change of any kind and without any change in its microscopical structure, which remains spectroscopically identical after many months". Thus half a pound of the radium salt would continue for months unchanged, emitting heat each hour equal to that produced by the combustion of a third of a cubic foot of hydrogen gas. The problem is in what way is this constant supply of energy produced by the action of the radium. As yet science has no answer.

The relief ship, the "Morning", sends news this week of the "Discovery"; which was found last January in MacMurdo Bay, Victoria Land, whose coast line is now known as far south as 78° 50'. Commander Scott, Dr. Wilson and Lieut. Shackleton accomplished under the most trying conditions a journey as far south as latitude 80° 17', thus establishing a world's record for the furthest point south. To the south of this point there appear to be mountains some ten or twelve thousand feet high; but at the latitude 78° 50' mountains which had been said to exist were not to be found. The lowest temperature that has been experienced was 62° below zero. Only one casualty has occurred—the drowning of one of the seamen.

The five leading societies in scientific engineering united to give a dinner in Sir William White's honour on Thursday. "Architect of fate" is an expression one might employ concerning the ex-Chief Constructor of the Navy with no great exaggeration perhaps: for may not the fate of a people depend in a great naval crisis on whether the shipbuilder in supreme authority built right or wrong? The ultimate test of Sir William White's work is not yet. But this we know: in him the State has had a servant of whom one can use without reservation the word great. Everybody has agreed to praise Sir William White. There is no reason why everyone should not. There is no danger in praise for a large and single-minded man: it is the smaller fry who are liable to suffer through it.

Dean Farrar died on Saturday, a few days after Dean Bradley, whom he long ago succeeded in the head mastership of Marlborough. Nothing perhaps in Dean Farrar's life was so admirable as the last months when he had to struggle with a mortal illness and his real courage was seen in its native force. Many things in his insistently busy life jarred on the sensibility of those who were not of his public. His oratory was spoiled by florid profuseness and sometimes want of taste. One might almost retranslate to his use Goldsmith's epitaph: "Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit": he touched nothing which he did not spoil by adornments. We remember hearing him praise Father Damien's as a life that made all others appear vulgar, a form of eulogy very foreign to Father Damien's own spirit. Farrar's "Life of Christ" was one of the most immediately successful works ever published; and the admiration of the uncritical multitude is perhaps the proof that the author could not apply the norm of criticism to his own work. It was perhaps deficiency in sensitiveness which most prevented him from reaching the position which his abilities seemed to point to. He was certainly neither a Tom Hughes nor an Arnold; and he had not the qualities that are most needed in a bishop.

It is satisfactory to see that the Employment of Children Bill has been received by the House of Commons so sympathetically that it has passed its second reading and has been sent to a Grand Committee. There has been no outcry "of the liberty of the subject" and the only anxiety has been that practical regulations should be made so that while

saving children from many hardships and the country from injury by their physical deterioration, the circumstances of their parents should be properly considered. The measure is a necessary corollary to the protection afforded to children who work in mines and factories, and to the Education Acts which are farcical where children of tender years have to turn out at three or four in the morning, go to school during the day, and resume work in the evening. The Bill only applies to children under fourteen and by-laws are to be made after inquiries by local authorities and submitted to the Home Secretary. Legislation of this kind is now better understood since it was realised how deteriorated physique is telling on Army recruiting.

"Ah rather overdone, M'Chokumchild." We can hardly believe that the threat will be put into execution, but it is undoubtedly a fact that the heads of the elementary training colleges have been warned that their pupils must undergo this coming summer an examination in—Nature-Study. If it does come to this we hope that the examiners will be flooded; that a Cecilia Jupe will arise in every training college and put them out of countenance.

The recent trials of the University crews over the full course have given rise to a good deal of discussion as to the respective merits of their performances "against the watch". They covered the distance between Putney and Mortlake upon two successive days under very similar conditions, and the times registered over the various portions of the course were to all intents identical. Cambridge had a better tide to help them but encountered worse water above Chiswick, and the most competent judges who witnessed both trials affirm that there is very little to choose between the two performances. There is a great contrast between the styles of the two crews. The Oxford men have moderate strength scientifically applied at the same moment, while the Cambridge crew have immense power but do not row together. They are however daily improving in this respect, and if they can acquire the necessary uniformity by the day of the race they ought to win without very much difficulty. If they fail in this respect, it is quite possible that Oxford who are good "stayers" may upset the odds of 3 to 1 which are said to have been laid against them. In any event it should be an interesting race.

Stagnation prevailed in all sections of the Stock Exchange this week, and business has been practically at a standstill. Consols experienced a further relapse, the quotation at one time falling to 89½, but at the reduced price support was forthcoming from many quarters and an improvement took place in consequence. The Irish Land Bill proposals created little impression in view of the fact that no issue is contemplated before November next, but at the same time the suggestion to create £5,000,000 annually for the next three years can hardly be considered as a bull point for gilt-edged securities. Tenders for Treasury bills to the amount of £2,000,000 will be received at the Bank of England on Monday next. The bills, which will replace those falling due on 5 April, will be dated 4 April, and will be payable twelve months after that date. A feature of the Foreign market was the fall in Spanish, which was heavily sold on the news of the resignation of Senor Villaverde, the Finance Minister.

The Home Railway traffic announcements, though not particularly brilliant, were fairly satisfactory on the whole, but the market was dull in the entire absence of business and in sympathy with the general flatness. Money is easier in New York but the public still hold aloof from American Railroad Stocks, with the result that prices are inclined to sag away. The tone, however, in this department is by no means bad. Kaffirs have been steady, and the labour situation, on which so much depends, certainly seems to be improving. Sir J. P. Fitzpatrick stated at the Rand Mines meeting that the Native Labour Association received 5,682 "boys" between the 1st and 21st of this month, which is very satisfactory news. Rio Tintos, after declining sharply on Paris sales, improved in sympathy with an advance in the price of copper. Consols 90½. Bank rate 4 per cent. (2 October).

THE IRISH LAND SETTLEMENT.

THE present Ministry differs from its various predecessors in nothing so remarkably as in its method of approaching two Imperial problems which have generally been handled with timidity and consequent disaster. In its ordinary legislation it has too often exhibited transparent opportunism; in the humdrum paths of familiar questions it has walked languidly. But for some strange reason it seems to be braced by the air of the two political graveyards, South Africa and Ireland. If we credit Mr. Chamberlain with a predominant voice in African policy, it is probably not fanciful to assume that, without detracting from the credit due to Mr. Wyndham, we may ascribe to Mr. Balfour the general trend of recent Irish measures. Though not an Irishman, Mr. Balfour seems to receive new force whenever he falls on Ireland, grasping matters Irish with an Antæan grip, very different from his listless handling of other matters. Ireland gave him his first chance of distinction, and his tenure of the post of Chief Secretary at a period marked by some of the features of civil war seems to have left its permanent impress on his career. At the same time there was some danger that the Government would prefer a niggling Irish land-purchase Bill to a bold measure. Economy is on the tongue, and the taxpayer might very possibly think it cheaper to let things drift. Ireland is quiet, and the type of mind that can be stirred only by outcries is common amongst voters. Any large measure of land purchase must involve considerable expenditure, and that expenditure was certain to be represented as a dole to Irish landlords. These were incentives—of a sort—to make the promised legislation as meagre as decency would allow.

Happily the Government has recognised that the present feeling in Ireland on the land question is practically unprecedented. The land conference held in January had produced a unanimous report of a very surprising kind. The landlord members had admitted that a large scheme of purchase offered the only possible solution of the agrarian tangle, and that something ought to be done for the evicted tenants. The Landlords' Convention had in the end endorsed the findings of the conference. On the other hand the tenants' representatives, more than one of whom had in years past denounced Irish landlords with singularly harmonious acrimony, solemnly recorded their conviction that the landlords had suffered considerably from legislation, and that they formed an element essential to the prosperity of Ireland. The British taxpayer was not invited to the meeting, it is true, and it is probable that his existence facilitated the agreement reached. But the British taxpayer is a little apt to forget that the agrarian situation in Ireland is not a natural product, but is the direct outcome of legislation for which he is responsible. The complete divorce between current topics of interest in the two islands is illustrated by the fact that the moment chosen by the opposing Irish interests for reconciliation was not, financially, a convenient one. That very fact however acquits the Irish of a deliberate and insincere attempt to raid the common purse.

The central fact of the Irish land problem at present is that the free play of the open market has been deliberately abolished by legislation, and that two systems of direct State intervention are at work side by side, each of them unprecedented in the United Kingdom. On the one hand the State is fixing, every fifteen years, the rent which an Irish tenant shall pay his landlord. On the other it has been pledging its credit to enable the tenant under certain rigid conditions to buy his holding. Landlords who were comparatively indifferent to their Irish properties have under the Ashbourne Acts accepted prices which to a great extent spoiled the market for their less fortunate fellows. As regards the tenants, three considerations at least have withheld many of them from offers to purchase. First, the periodical visitations of the rent-fixing commissioners have made them uncertain whether at any given

moment purchase was a sound investment in view of probable future reductions of rent. Secondly, the early purchasers got very good terms, and Irish tenants, instead of studying the chapters of the Nicomachean Ethics which deal with distributive justice, have a way of asking "Why wouldn't I get my farm as cheap as Tim Brady got his?" Thirdly, the court took an unnecessarily gloomy view in many cases of a tenant's credit, and refused to lend him money which he was perfectly able to repay. Yet in spite of all land-purchase, so far as it has gone, has admittedly worked well.

A great obstacle to further progress was the indebtedness of many landlords. A very large proportion of Irish estates are at present burdened by head-rents (which at the time of the original lease allowed the lessee substantial profits), mortgages, or family charges fixed long ago with irresponsible cheerfulness on the assumption that land must always be the most valuable of assets. The greatest grievance of landlords under the Act of 1881 and its sequels is that these charges have been left intact although the rents paid by tenants have been reduced by the State. In such cases there is a strong claim for State aid, provided that the aid be utilised to forward a policy which is for the general good of the community. It is now universally admitted that the substitution of purchase for rent-fixing must diminish litigation, relieve the country gentlemen of Ireland from present pecuniary uncertainty which kills enterprise, and make it to the interest of the tenant to improve his farm instead of to represent it in as bad a light as possible to the rent-fixing tribunal. In other words land-purchase may be expected to diminish agitation and to foster industry—two results for which it is worth while to pay. The great danger of the process, however, lies in the reckless land-hunger which is ingrained in the Irish peasant. Prevented from volunteering a rack-rent to the landlord, he has of recent years been ready to pay absurd prices for the mere tenant-right, with the result that the great reductions of rent have too often failed to benefit him. Converted into a proprietor he might be expected to subdivide his holding as in the slack days before the famine, or to buy up neighbouring patches by the aid of the local usurer. The hardest landlords have notoriously come from the class just above that of mere peasants. In fifty years' time it might appear that we had expropriated the country gentleman merely to make way for the son of the village shopkeeper.

Mr. Wyndham's Bill faces difficulties boldly: it claims an ultimate free grant of £12,000,000, besides pledging the national credit to a loan of some hundred millions secured on the land—the tenant-purchaser has hitherto paid loyally—and on certain annual allotments for Irish purposes. The tenant is to pay for 68½ years a sum considerably lower than a second-term judicial rent, but the margin of the reduction is so wide that it is difficult to see how many years' purchase is represented. Mr. Wyndham carefully avoided speaking in terms of years' purchase of the present rental—the common unit of calculation—and his audience were obviously bewildered in an attempt to estimate the average width of the gap between vendors' and purchasers' price which the free grant was intended to meet. Two very useful provisions of last year's Bill are repeated: six years' undisputed possession are to confer title, and the landlord may, we gather, be allowed State credit to purchase (and clear) his own demesne. The first provision will enable many to sell, the second will encourage those landlords who are the most desirable members of society to remain in Ireland. We have no doubt that most of them will do so. The removal of the rent-nexus will destroy the only real cause of friction between them and the people. The important problems of evicted tenants and of labourers' dwellings are touched. But perhaps the most interesting provision is that by which the State retains a perpetual rent-charge of one-eighth of the purchaser's annual instalments, thus securing a position which will enable it to prevent alienation or excessive mortgaging of the farmers' holdings. Here the Indian experience of Sir Anthony MacDonnell is clearly traceable. A board of three Estates Commissioners, with purely administrative

functions, is created to supervise the transfer of land, which it is hoped will be largely initiated by voluntary bargaining between landlord and tenant.

INDIAN PROSPERITY.

IF prosperity means a balance at your bankers, India is undeniably prosperous. The financial statement for the year just closed once again presents a surplus very largely in excess of the anticipated balance. Yet no one is surprised. Not only was such a result foreshadowed in Lord Curzon's Durbar speech but it was foretold from the moment the estimates were published a year ago. Consequently the surplus estimated at much below a million now proves to be nearly two millions and three-quarters. The time has at last come for the long-deferred relief to the taxpayer. Patriot, prophet and critic have all indicated two taxes as standing first for remission. Lord Curzon has carried all parties with him by giving relief under both heads. The coming year will see a reduction of £240,000 in income-tax, a concession beyond all criticism except that the abatement might well have gone further. Whatever its theoretical perfection, an income-tax is utterly unsuited to India. It is opposed to the ideas and customs of the people: it is inquisitorial and therefore oppressive. It is accordingly extremely unpopular.

There is more room for difference of opinion concerning the salt duty. The opposition to this impost originated largely with Europeans whose economic dogmas and democratic instincts are offended by the idea of a tax on a necessary of life and who are moreover probably unaware that the arrangements under which the duty has been assessed have actually operated to lower the price and increase the consumption of salt. The cry so raised has been taken up in India by a party that welcomes any complaint against the Government likely to excite sympathy in England. The great bulk of the people can feel no resentment at the salt tax because they do not know that they pay it. The average contribution is calculated to be sixpence yearly per head of the population. The relief therefore will amount to only a fraction over a penny in the year, if it ever reaches the consumer at all. The remission of one-fifth of the total duty, now granted, comes to less than one-tenth of a penny per pound. Looking at the minute quantities in which salt is purchased by the lower classes, it is hardly conceivable that this reduction can practically affect retail prices. Yet it will cost the revenue £1,113,300. The full justification of the measure lies in the circumstance that the salt duty, like the income-tax in England, is the ready resource of the Exchequer in cases of emergency, and must be kept low in prosperous years to serve as a resource in times of trouble.

The huge balances of previous years were swollen by windfalls in the shape of items of an accidental or adventitious character. Assets of this nature still appear but they no longer dominate the accounts. There is on the other hand a steady growth under all the chief permanent heads of income. Land revenue, customs, excise, salt, railways and irrigation have contributed to make up an unestimated increment of 2½ millions. There is enough in these significant totals to justify Lord Curzon's modest declaration that "the economic progress of the country has been satisfactory". The depressing effects of the famine cycle are passing away and the enormous charges it involved have sunk to a figure too small to be worthy of inclusion in the telegraphic summary.

The forecast for the coming year indicates a continuance of these favourable conditions. Notwithstanding the large remissions which followed the famine, land revenue shows a substantial advance and the State property in railways is expected to yield a growing and important profit. On the other hand the capricious opium revenue cannot be trusted to keep its present level. Countervailing duties on bounty-fed sugar have done their work in safeguarding the indigenous industry and are not to be treated as a source of progressive income. But the total results display a strong financial position. In spite of the

large reductions of taxation and the addition of a million and a half to expenditure the new year will end with a surplus not far short of a million. Of the increased expenditure the army claims but half a million. This even is not a fresh addition to its cost. It represents the restoration to its full strength by the return of troops lent to Africa and China. For special defence works the moderate sum of £120,000 is provided. The military position is regulated by political considerations which there is reason to fear are imperfectly realised in this country. Lord Curzon has seized this opportunity for an impressive survey of the changes which are profoundly altering the position of India both in Asiatic politics and as a vital part of the greater Empire whose prosperity is bound up with her own. It is impossible to overrate the gravity of the developments which are rapidly following the absorption by a great European land-power of the countries which lie along the Indian borders or within striking distance of her frontiers and are complicated by the advance of other European Powers in Western and Eastern Asia. The Viceroy's own immediate task is to rally all the various nationalities and influences of India in preparation for possibilities which threaten each alike. This task could not be in more competent hands. His words must also serve to rouse the attention of the people of this country to the new conditions which menace their world-wide interests. A striking result of the apathy which has characterised English policy in one important field of action appears in the announcement now made in the Indian Council that Persia has refused to suspend the recent tariff which gives Russia overwhelming advantages in her commercial occupation of the Shah's dominions. Lord Curzon's weighty words should at least silence those who would weaken the military resources of India at a time when it is necessary that the forces of the country should be in the highest state of efficiency and the defences secure.

Perhaps the least satisfactory feature of the financial dispositions now announced is the concurrent reduction of cash balances by over two millions and the decision to raise fresh loans both in England and in India. The extraordinary demands at present hanging over a depressed money market render this a very unpropitious time for borrowing. The rupee loan of two crores would be much facilitated, if an exchange rate of sixteen pence were guaranteed for the interest on enfaced paper payable in London. With careful financing the concession need not cost the treasury anything.

KAFFIR PIG OR WORKING-MAN?

THE Empire is indebted to Mr. Chamberlain for having pricked the bubble of cant and hypocrisy, so industriously blown up on Tuesday by those three doughty knights of barbarism, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir John Gorst, and Sir William Harcourt. The question before the House of Commons was the second reading of the Consolidated Fund (No. I.) Bill, on which the three Tartuffes above mentioned took occasion to denounce the blind lust of dirty gold, and to advocate the pig theory of Kaffir civilisation. Truly adversity, or opposition, which to a politician is the same thing, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. For what was Sir John Gorst doing in the same truckle-bed with Sir Charles Dilke and Sir William Harcourt? Anyhow, it is impossible to conceive more puerile and pernicious nonsense than his speech on native labour in South Africa. The mature mind of Sir John Gorst is apparently haunted by the infantile fancy of the noble savage running wild in the woods. Why make a man, who can lie basking in the tropical sun, stroking his stomach, and watching his wives grub the fields, why force him to dig for "dirty gold", which "would not make one human creature one bit the happier"? We can imagine the rapturous cheers with which this peroration would be received by the Radical Johnnies in the Cambridge Union. But our ink turns red as we record the fact that this claptrap fell from the lips of an ex-member of the Ministry, who wears "the silver livery of advised age", and who refused the Governorship of the Isle of Man, and that it really was applauded (according to

the newspapers) by the Opposition in the House of Commons. It is time that we made up our minds whether the Kaffir under British rule is to be pig or working-man. Pig he will be, if left to follow his own devices, and that is apparently the desire of these humanitarian humbugs. The far-reaching economic effects of the production or non-production of this same dirty gold, and the appalling political peril of allowing an idle black population to multiply round (comparatively speaking) a handful of whites are undreamt of in the philosophy of Sir John Gorst. Lancashire we believe is Sir John Gorst's country, and Lancashire men, including possibly Sir John's forbears, have grown rich, and we should not be surprised to hear "happy", by the production of coal, which is at least as dirty as gold. Why should Lancashire lads and lasses have been withdrawn from the fair fields and sweet hedgerows to dig in the bowels of the earth? We do know that the horrors of the middle passage in a slave ship, and the most sensational pages in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the "Story of an African Farm" pale before the facts of the labour in Lancashire coal-mines as revealed by Lord Ashley half a century ago. It is this historical reminiscence which makes one retch at the mumping cant of Sir John Gorst and his co-sentimentalists. There is absolutely nothing in the conditions of South African labour to justify these puling protestations. Gold is like coal, or any other product; it happens to be a medium—but no, we will not be drawn into an elementary lecture. We prefer to try to post to Sir John Gorst Mrs. Fawcett's Manual of Political Economy. From the ethical point of view, the only answer to Sir John Gorst's sermon is Mr. Chamberlain's Johnsonian retort, that if the last word of modern civilisation is to make the Kaffir a pig, there is no more to be said.

The case of Sir William Harcourt is different. With this statesman the labour question in South Africa is not one of sentiment, but of politics. Sir William cants as heartily as Sir John; but his cant is of a more cunning kind. Sir William Harcourt knows that the reputation of Mr. Chamberlain, and consequently of the Government, depends upon the success of the newly annexed provinces. He also knows that for a variety of reasons, some just and some unjust, there is a great deal of prejudice amongst the men in the street against the South African millionaire, who plays in the popular eye the part of the "Nabob" at the end of the eighteenth century. Now, if Sir William Harcourt, by cunningly stirring up hatred against the helots of Park Lane, can manage to deprive South Africa of its necessary complement of cheap labour, he will not only ruin the Transvaal, but Mr. Chamberlain and the Unionist party. These are stakes worth playing for! Accordingly, Sir William Harcourt stoutly asserts that there is plenty of black labour in South Africa, if only the blind greed of the mine-owner will pay the price. Sir William says so many other things about the Transvaal mines which are true that he cannot believe this which is untrue. It is perfectly true, for instance, that many of the mines are made to sell, not pay; that they have been so overcapitalised that they never can be worked at a profit. But it is demonstrably false that there is sufficient black labour in South Africa to work the mines that will pay. Wages have been raised, and conditions of keep improved: but the mines cannot get half the number of boys they had before the war. Railways, agriculture, house-building, domestic service, and the Government absorb a far larger proportion than before, and the rest are leading that ideal, idyllic life sung by Sir John Gorst. Labour must be imported from India or from China: and this question of the importation of coolies was the only important and interesting part of the debate. Sir Charles Dilke, who, to do him justice, canted less than his colleagues, maintained that all agreements as to native labour should be submitted to the sanction of the House of Commons. We are relieved that Mr. Chamberlain had the presence of mind to refuse this proposal. He pointed out that though it was not deemed expedient to grant the Transvaal and Orange colonies the forms of self-government at once, they were Crown colonies only in theory and in name. The Imperial Government would not

dream of interfering, said Mr. Chamberlain, with the colonists on such a question as native labour. If the opinion of South Africa is in favour of importing coolies, it cannot be prevented. And the more severely fussy Pharisees in this country lecture the mine-owners on the iniquity of cheap labour, the more surely will coolie importation be hurried on. More serious for the mining industry than the preaching of the pig theorists is the apparent indecision, or apathy, or timidity, of the Kaffir magnates. These gentlemen know perfectly well that they can get as much labour from abroad as they want for the asking. They have been offered large and immediate supplies from the stalwart tribes of Northern India.* But they hesitate, and talk about colonial sentiment, and profess to prefer Chinese as more easily manageable than Punjaubis. The mine-owners have made one mistake about wages. Let them not make another about Indian labour. It will take a much longer time and a far greater pinch of poverty to reconcile public opinion to the Chinese.

ELIZABETHAN AND VICTORIAN EMPIRE.

TWO Queens represent for Englishmen of to-day the growth of empire through all its stages. The commemorations of the reign of Queen Victoria, which are still vivid memories, could not be dissociated historically from the commemoration of Elizabeth, whose reign ended 300 years ago. When, during the celebration of the two Jubilees of Queen Victoria, the story of the Empire was re-told in all its phases, we hardly knew whether to be prouder of the earlier glories of the epos which began with the Odysseys of Elizabeth's heroes, or of the later glories which were summarised and symbolised for us in the now well-worn phrase the Victorian age. It has been left for the Royal Geographical Society alone to institute a formal commemoration of the tercentenary of Queen Elizabeth's death. This it has done appropriately enough, if insufficiently, by recalling the geographical discoveries of that golden age of exploration when men lighted upon solid continents while searching for the illusive worlds of their own imagination. Some surprise has been felt that in memory of such a reign as Elizabeth's nothing more should have been done to mark by a national or public act this tercentenary event. One explanation would be that the nation has so recently reviewed its historical position as an Empire that it would have been supererogatory to do again in connexion with the name of Elizabeth what it had so recently done in connexion with that of Victoria. Even so, however, it seems treating the great Queen's memory rather perfunctorily that we should have recalled it only by narrating again the oft-told story of the geographers and navigators. Though they played so important a part in the events of her reign, they do not by any means connect Elizabeth's time with ours so directly as do other things which cannot be treated under the head of geography.

The fact that Englishmen took more definitely to the sea-faring life during Elizabeth's reign is of more importance than the discoveries they actually made or the colonies that were planted. They did not take to the sea because America was discovered, or that they wished to make new conquests to compensate for the possessions in France, the last vestiges of which had been lost at the end of Mary's reign. Nor merely for romantic adventure though there were plenty of romantic adventurers. The depopulation of the country by the extension of grazing in place of corn-growing and the growth of manufactures had much more to do with it. England had begun to be industrial. It was the manufactures that absorbed the otherwise redundant agricultural population, and the increase of manufacturing power meant that a surplus of products had to be disposed of by foreign trade. Capital was increasing, and the modern system of trading with borrowed capital had begun. The chartered companies which did so much in the way of exploration and trading and in governing colonies, when they were founded, would not have been possible when capital was used only by those who owned it. Employment was wanted for it, and political economy

began with the theory that it was better to use it in foreign trade because it would bring money into the country. The Elizabethans wanted colonies for trade, and when the rage for discovering gold mines died out, it was still with the notion of money flowing into the country that colonies were sought, and this again led to the barriers by which colonies were prevented from trading with any other than their founders. The colonies were the means by which the national power was built up on the basis of the navy; and Protection and Navigation Acts fostered it.

The same method is now being used by modern nations who are desiring colonies and sea power in our own day; and such nations are copying the example of Spain, Holland, France and England in the time of Elizabeth. When England was struggling first with Spain, then with Holland, and afterwards with France it was by means of the theory and practice of cultivating national power by regulation of trade and not by free trade that she succeeded. Internal trade was protected, exports were encouraged, corn was grown here and not imported, though the economic effects were as well known then as now. What was wanted was a strong nation: and that was secured through a vigorous, skilful, and daring race of seamen, and a healthy peasantry and yeomanry "the country's pride". When England in Elizabeth's time began to struggle with the nations who then held commercial supremacy and colonial empires she fought them with their own weapons. These were essentially the same by which England's present rivals are endeavouring to undermine the supremacy and empire which she has held since Holland was drained dry by the Navigation Acts. For four hundred years the position of a nation in Europe has depended on its possessions out of Europe, and therefore on its navy. In the reign of Victoria Africa and China and the Pacific have been as really "discovered" as were America and the Atlantic in the reign of Elizabeth's father; and the twentieth century European nations have a prize thrown into their midst essentially like that which dazzled them at the end of the sixteenth. The earlier prize passed to England by the victories of a navy which arose out of a commerce that had, in its turn, grown under a strict system of protection to which even that of the United States is lax. Then England, having almost all oversea possessions in her own hand, laid down her ancient arms and invited the whole world to share in the commerce which she had so long rigidly guarded.

With free trade established in the days of Victoria disappeared in England the remnants of the State theory of commerce, the so-called "Mercantile System" which had been created by Elizabethan writers. People naturally leave off arms who have nobody to fight with and England did this when she adopted free trade. Since Waterloo the commerce of the world had been in her hands, and she had therefore no rival fleets threatening her naval supremacy. She began to imagine that since she had no longer to fight for her colonial empire she might be indifferent to it, and she cherished the delusion that she might neglect it and yet retain all its benefits. The last quarter of a century of Victoria's reign contains the history of a disillusionment. Africa and the East came on the scene; and the founding of new colonial empires, and the rivalry for foreign trade, became as evidently the object of a struggling group of Continental Powers as it had been when America and India had revealed their possibilities in Elizabeth's days. They had armed themselves with the old weapons which England had thrown away; and to their astonishment Englishmen found that there was a good deal more to be said for the wisdom of their ancestors than they had been accustomed to hear. History seemed to be repeating itself; and the retention as well as the growth of empire did appear after all to depend not on a policy of general benevolence, but on the possession of exclusive advantages and protection from competition. The nations had passed from a state of quiescence and equilibrium in which each was absorbed in merely national and local struggles, and were again in a state of war, each evidently intent on commercial supremacy and a repartition of the world. The question for

Englishmen in the later years of the reign of Victoria seemed to be, whether the commercial and colonial empire, of which the seeds were planted in the days of Elizabeth, was not gradually to decay and ultimately to disappear. It might be slowly perhaps but surely as that of Spain, whose end had come only at the close of the nineteenth century.

The war in South Africa presented itself as possibly the first step of the process in our own case. Empire and free trade came into very remarkable juxtaposition. Had the ideas of the "mercantilists" of Elizabeth been justified by the decay of agriculture? Economic advantages may imply overwhelming national disadvantages had been their teaching. We were painfully afraid we were going to experience its truth. Whatever views may be held as to the effect which the too great increase of town life has had on the national resources in men, it is certain that we fought the war of colonial empire in South Africa under the oppressive feeling that the pursuit of wealth under the theory of free trade alone was full of dangers. Moreover it was probably mistaken even from this narrow point of view. Our advancing rivals were Protectionists as were the Colonists who had joined us in the fight for the colonial empire in South Africa. Their protectionism and our free trade are the obstacle to the first step necessary for bringing England and her Colonies into a position towards the rest of the world similar to that which they occupied when the colonial empire was founded. Federation is the modern expression for the resumption of the old relation. Its characteristic was close union instead of the loose aggregation which it became later. The terms of the relation would have to be stated in a mightily different way now; but it is becoming more evident that the Victorian idea of the empire will have to be transformed into what was essentially the idea on which the Elizabethan empire was founded.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: WESTMINSTER.

REFOUNDED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH 1560. HEAD-MASTER DR. GOW; APPOINTED 1900.

EVEN the strongest supporters of the English public schools as training grounds of character and independence must admit that something is lost by the severance of home ties; there are defects, though the advantages of the system preponderate. It may be that the free play of the individual, the influence of boy upon boy, and especially of the older on the younger, can only work themselves out logically in the barrack-like rough and tumble of public-school life; but the sympathy of the home, the cultivation of manners, above all the occasional contact with feminine influences mean much to a growing boy. The practical separation of the sexes for a period of ten years is not in itself an unmixed good; those who have seen in practical working the surprising results which co-education can achieve are not at all disposed to pin their faith for ever to the conventual and monastic idea; co-education, so far from increasing moral risks, acts entirely, to the surprise of the moralists, the other way. The reasons go too deep into the fundamentals of human nature to be examined here; but if a school could be invented combining the freedom of the public school, the discipline of its athletics and public opinion, of its monitorial system and its individual responsibility with an occasional touch of the humanising and stimulating side of home life, that would be something approaching the ideal; it is not at all unlikely that it is this touch of domestic and social influence which imparts to German and American education, nine-tenths of which is carried on in schools which are not boarding schools, just that tone of strenuous labour in school life which is wanting in the English public school.

To our mind Westminster comes nearer to this ideal than any school in England; and under its present Head, one of the two or three really great headmasters whom we now possess, the ideal should go a long way towards being realised. Tucked away in a corner of the most historic and romantic quarter of London, its

life and very schoolrooms interwoven with the Abbey and with Parliament, possessed of traditions and buildings which, comparatively small as they are, pale in beauty and richness of association before those of neither Eton nor Winchester, the school throws its doors open to home-boarders, and of 270 in the school, 170 are non-resident; all boys, however, are allotted to a house, the whole school is subject to the house and monitorial system of organisation, and all boys must take part in "station", that is compulsory athletics from 2 to 3.

The early history of the school is uncertain. There was undoubtedly a school connected with the Convent in Edward III.'s time, but its history really begins with Queen Elizabeth, though Henry VIII. appears already to have given the school a headmaster and some sort of a constitution, and entrusted its government to the new Dean and Chapter; this system Elizabeth developed and consolidated and up till the Public Schools Act of 1861 the school remained under the immediate control of the Dean and Chapter. In 1861 the governing body was severed from the Chapter, but the Dean of Westminster still serves as a connecting tie by his membership of the body of governors, which numbers also representatives from the linked colleges of Christ Church, Oxford and Trinity College, Cambridge; the Chapter is also liable for the tuition of the King's scholars. Elizabeth provided for forty scholars, who are royal scholars, that is called after the king or queen according to the sex of the reigning monarch; the scholars were to be chosen from those who had been in the school at least a year, so that even from Elizabeth's time dates the division of the school into scholars and town-boys, the latter now including all not on the foundation, whether resident in the houses or home-boarders. The number of scholars is now sixty and, unlike college at Eton, the King's scholars always seem to have claimed and exercised the most important place in the school; Elizabeth endowed Westminster further with three scholarships each year at Christ Church, Oxford, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and till 1873 the town-boys were not eligible for these; the King's scholars exclusively manage and present the Westminster play, one of a cycle of four Latin plays with an amusing topical epilogue being acted every winter; and until quite recently none but a King's scholar could be captain of the school. The great Doctor Busby, who reigned as headmaster from 1638-1695, not only guided the school through very troublous times, but in his freshness of method no less than in his strength of will made the school a real force during the period, in a way which reminds one of the great headmasters of last century; his memory survives in an aggressive monument in the Abbey, and in the famous retort to a Roman convert; Busby asked him why he changed his Church, and to the answer "Because the Lord had need of me" came the quick retort "I never knew that the Lord had need of anything but once, and that was of an ass".

Something has already been said of the school buildings; Westminster possesses three or four buildings, which in their way are quite unique; the long façade of the college dormitory, familiar to everyone who has visited the delightful Abbey Garden, comes from the master hand of Wren; here the scholars still sleep in small cubicles called "houses"; and here the Play is performed, about half the cubicles at the end being removed for the purpose. Then Busby's library, built by the doctor and bequeathed to the school in 1695, and now containing his books and used as a form room for the seventh or highest form, has been described as the most beautiful building of its kind in London; the ceiling alone is worth a visit.

The big schoolroom, known technically to Westminster boys as "up-school", is an imposing place, and was altered for the use of the school from the buildings of the ancient Dorter, in accordance with a Chapter order of 1591: traces of twelfth-century work still appear on the east side, and the names of old Westminsterers surround the walls, some dating from the time of Elizabeth's refounding. Here, in a semi-circle at the top of the room, sit the Monitorial Council,

consisting of the seventh of heads of houses, on either side of the headmaster, and in front of them stands the ancient oak table, Busby's table, the drawers of which must be opened and the two birches displayed when "up-school" is used, and here assemble the whole school for the formal Latin prayers, an express exception under the Act of Uniformity, every evening.

Then there is Ashburnham House, built by Inigo Jones and occupied in Anne's time by Lord Ashburnham, but in 1868 purchased by the school whose premises encircled it. Ashburnham House is now used for a library and reading-room, a comfortable place which unlike most school libraries entices you to enter and read you know not quite how, and which with drill, gymnasium and the carpenters' shop is one of the alternatives for boarders at the time of "occupation", i.e. from 5-6 when every boy must be at something, though not necessarily at work. But the most interesting of the many historic buildings Westminster possesses is the College Hall, looking on the Deanery, with an entry into Jerusalem Chamber. It is peculiarly reminiscent of the Abbey life; as it stands it formed part of the school in 1560, indeed the walls date back to Abbot Litlington, who added this building to the monastery as the abbot's refectory. The College Hall was not one of the buildings transferred to the new governors in 1868. It still belongs to the Dean and Chapter and when Convocation met the scholars till quite recently retired to "Jerusalem", to make way for the Lower House of Convocation. In this hall the King's Scholars have all their meals, and at mid-day all the home boarders who are not "half boarders" dine here also. To be a half boarder seems to consist in little but in paying larger fees, and being attached to one of the other boarding houses, "Grants" or "Regards", where the half boarder dines and has his locker.

The present members, 270, represent an increase of 40 since Dr. Gow came, and the headmaster looks forward to an increase to 300, but no further, for he holds that to be the ideal size; of these, 150 read classics, the rest, 120, are on the modern side, for whom every provision is made, and for whom new science buildings are being erected in Great College Street.

It is interesting to find so experienced an educationist as Dr. Gow in thorough sympathy with the views on modern education expressed in these articles, that the point to be kept constantly in mind is the increase of educational opportunity; to use his own words, "You must poke about in a boy's mind to find out what he can do". Dr. Gow was specially clear on the uselessness of the classical medium for many boys; that in any case classics at first really present the same features as science, learning words is classifying specimens, and boys should be turned on to that system of classification that suits them best, be it gerunds or botany. Dr. Gow divides those to whom classics do not appeal into two classes, those who cannot make headway with them from the very start, and who should be transferred at thirteen; these will usually speaking be boys of no great intelligence. And secondly boys, often of great intelligence, who succeed fairly with classics till sixteen, but who will never secure their best development by their means, and who should then be given an opportunity on other lines. Westminster is a place where modern methods have a peculiar opportunity, for Westminster has everything necessary to supplement the effects of modernity; reverence, repose, restraint breathe from every tradition every stone: what boy, however modern, can use the wonderful Abbey as his school chapel, without drawing in its spirit? The House of Commons is hardly an educational institution, but six youngsters every day have free access to the "House", which is within the narrow school bounds, and no privilege is more prized by the boys, or more valuable to the school. Even the right to represent the populace and shout "Vivat rex" at the Coronation, is luckily too seldom exercised to come within every boy's experience, but it is a proud memory for those who share it.

Athletics are of course carried on under greater difficulties at Westminster than in the country: yet the centre of Dean's Yard and the 11 acres in Vincent Square continue to produce no mean cricketers and football players: Charterhouse with its far larger

numbers, had to succumb to the "pink" on the cricket field in 1902, and in 1900 at football: and Dr. Gow, with reasonable pride, points out that last year Westminster had four ties in the Cricket elevens, two playing for Oxford and two for Cambridge, a result equalled by no other school. Even Eton had only three representatives. Rowing used to be carried on, but "water", as it was called, was stopped some twenty years ago, by Dr. Rutherford on the unanimous request of the junior masters, and in spite of the vigorous protests of Old Westminsters it was rightly stopped. Since the Embankment and the increased swiftness of the river, rowing at Westminster itself had become impossible, and "water" meant journeys en masse to Putney and the work of the school was seriously upset.

The question of moving Westminster into the country has been mooted: it would be the greatest mistake: the health of boys at Westminster is excellent, and the position and opportunities of the school as it is at present are unique. We hope and anticipate for the school, under Dr. Gow, a great period of usefulness and success.

* * *The next article in this series will be on Clifton.*

GIRLS' GAMES.

THE editor has asked me to write about girls' games, otherwise I would not have ventured on a subject in which all the athletic of my sex are so keenly interested. Indeed, bearing in mind the various high-pressure, super-heated arguments to which I have listened, I am tempted to follow the famous example of the writer on Chinese metaphysics, by referring to the Encyclopædia Britannica ("Times" edition), and simply combine girls and games, or games and girls. But, unfortunately, to do this would be to beg the whole point at issue, which, I take it, is "Can girls combine with games and games with girls?" So I fear that there is no escape, and I must even go down into the arena as peaceably as I can, and steer clear of the cudgels of comparative physiology as far as possible. For, just as one learns by bitter experience that it is personally safer to call a man a scoundrel than to impugn his grammar, and that the insult of being told you have a black heart is as nothing to that of being informed you have a red nose, so one learns, when discussing the relative positions of the sexes—even in the matter of games—to agree with one's adversary by the way on all possible points. And that, if one has any respect for abstract truth, is difficult if one approaches a question scientifically. Besides physiology is so disconcerting. How, for instance, can you get up steam as to the pros and cons of cricket as a pastime for people who wear petticoats, if your opponent draws the red herring of an elongated clavicle across the trail and remarks vaingloriously that Nature, at any rate, never intended girls to shy. There is something about a sledge-hammer assertion of that sort which destroys all presence of mind and obscures the obvious retort that cricket is not all catapult, and that if deep field is deficient, and mid on given to manicure, there is always short leg to fall back upon, so that can have nothing to do with a long collar-bone. Nevertheless, although I mean discretion to be very much the better part of my valour, I feel it wiser to commence by throwing down between the opposing parties two disclaimers—that being I believe the proper legal term for a previous apology. First: It is an article of faith with me that the Creator never intended any creature in petticoats to play any active outdoor game whatever. Second: Despite this, I—moi qui vous parle—used to be quite a decent racquet player. For the present I will draw a veil over the inevitable corollary to these two premisses which I cast as a sop to both sides.

Yet, even so, an uncomfortable connexion remains that I am about to do a foolhardy thing, for, as everyone knows who has played hockey or football in a mixed team, we women are far more dangerous than men though we neither hit nor kick so hard. In fact we ought to be ticketed "Lebensgefährlich" as they ticket steam rollers and such like in Germany. No one, however, not even the most determined opponent

of the typical hockey girl, breathless beplashed with dirt and diachylon, will quarrel with the assertion that she is infinitely preferable to—let us say—the gambling girl who paraphrases Akbar's inscription on the Gates of Victory at Fatehpore Sikri by saying

"The world is Bridge. Pass over the Rest
Who plays for an Hour plays for Eternity"

and there are many such women now-a-days. Preferable also a thousandfold is the golf girl or the tennis maiden to the young ladies whose lives are literally banded by the becoming; who feel that they have failed if they cannot mistake themselves for a fashion plate.

Neither can the fiercest foe to unfeminine activity deny that games are productive of more than breathlessness, red faces and general dishevelment. Their influence on character must inevitably be great. Not without gain to himself does the boy learn voluntarily to subordinate his individual interest to the interest of the many, to put his whole back into an effort to save honour, yet at the same time to accept an umpire's decision as final. Now this sort of thing has hitherto been lacking in the girl's life, and it is hardly too much to say that half the trivial faults of temper and tolerance in women at which men rightly point the finger of scorn, is due to this absence of voluntary and cheerful self-discipline. It may be urged that, having been so much disciplined by others, there was small room left for self-restraint. I do not quarrel with the excuse: the fact remains that women's tempers and tongues are as a rule less under control than men's; also that they are far more intolerant of interference beyond the limits of what they accept, from a sense of duty, as constituted authority. A man, for instance, takes a friendly suggestion far more kindly than a woman does, and the fact is an undoubted source of strength to him. Its absence is also a great source of weakness to the woman, as everyone knows who tries to bring about co-operation in women's trades. Anything therefore that will help to teach the necessity of combination and, what is more, compromise, is bound to do good.

It is not therefore Utopian to believe that in the future girls will play—let us say—hockey as coolly as they now play pluckily; and though no doubt the consequent advantage to timid man may be considerable in that particular game, the Lebensgefährlichkeit will have lessened also in regard to the woman's work in the mixed game of life. But it is unnecessary to catalogue the character training which most games supply; it is too obvious. There is however one bit of training which should be specially valuable to girls of the present day, and that is the taking of odds; in other words that confession of honest and honourable weakness which enables the taker to appreciate values. This again has never come into girls' education in the past; the consequence being that though women are ready enough to accept points at any game, they are not so ready to give them, and are seldom inclined to admit logically what the taking of them really means. Perhaps they may admit it to be acquiescence in inequality so far as they individually are concerned, but for their sex generally it is different. "Oh! I'm a duffer", many a girl says, "but you should see some women play".

Yet it would be a distinct advantage if many of the clever eager young creatures could see their own limitations; would admit that at cricket, hockey, tennis, golf, football alike woman is handicapped; and not only by her petticoat. Above all, if they would see that they cannot really get a fair game except among themselves. For it will be centuries (if then!) before men playing in a mixed game will have learnt to treat women as honest adversaries should be treated—that is as persons to be taken advantage of in every possible way. At present, except perhaps at golf where bogey teaches an impersonal antagonism—I doubt if men ever quite forget the sex of their opponent. They say they do of course. I know a variety of quite estimable men who habitually, if unconsciously, perjure themselves in this fashion; who say they are playing all they know, and yet at billiards, for instance, risk a fancy cannon instead of a sober certainty—especially if the woman is behind in score. I am indeed convinced that if a dynamometer could be attached to a

tennis bat it would register the fact that as a rule a man puts less force in his returns to a woman than in those to a man. I mean, of course, in a single game, for an entirely different set of unconscious influences comes into play in a mixed double. Then the opposing woman ceases to be purely feminine by becoming the chattel of Brown, Jones or Robinson who has the impudence to think of winning the game for her.

It is all quite unconscious naturally—though I believe many men would admit that I am right—still it must bring an element into the game which should either be fairly faced, or absolutely avoided. The girl who shows irritation, if a young man apologises condescendingly for sending her a hard serve, puts herself in a false position. Practically she has only three courses open to her in such a case. To accept men's kindness with thanks, cease playing with them, or show them that she is an exception to the rule. Personally I prefer the second. It is distinctly more comforting than the first, and the third is—occasionally impossible. Indeed while I believe that good and not evil comes to girls from all games, I believe also that the good comes in larger quantities when the opponents meet on fair aboveboard terms. What, for instance, can be the outcome of that travesty of cricket where men wear petticoats and play with broomsticks instead of bats? The outcome is a giggle, and a giggle is the most graceless sound on God's earth.

And that brings me back, alas, to the subject of the petticoat—and racquets. It is quite surprising how provocative of giggling any attempt at rational costume is to the general populace. To me it is far more equivocal that a girl should not take violent exercise because it is not becoming. However tastes differ. So I will only remark that it is quite impossible to play racquets in girls' clothes.

F. A. STEEL.

NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA'S ÆDILE.

THE ringdove to his roost is flown

From out the standing corn
And where he made his noonday moan
Has moored his wings till morn.

No sheep are vocal in the fold—
No cattle in the byre—
Only yon dumb abysses cold
Tremble with starry fire.

My thoughts on vaguer issues wait
Than thy fond labour knows—
But thou, as this world goes, art great
And good, as this world goes.

As this world goes! Alas! that men
Probing yon blue abyss
Can draw within their anxious ken
No other world than this!

Yet go thy ways—Pry preach and purge
Blackmail them and black-list
And ever to fresh outrage urge
The insane collectivist—

Poor victims of insensate power
Thou leav'st them wondering still
What God in what unhappy hour
Left free the inhuman will!

But whatsoever place is mine—
Behind thee or beneath—
Against my pine I lean to twine
My flowret in thy wreath

Before the dews from grasses wet
My morning foot shall scatter
And in the hoar-frost hedgerow set
The merle—not thee—a-chatter!

ROSIÈRE.

ONCE a year M. le Maire is nervous, troubled. Once a year M. le Maire shuns the society of the Montmorency villagers. Once a year M. le Maire gathers around him his five oldest and most intimate friends: who, like M. le Maire himself, are nervous, troubled. And this, not merely for a day, nor yet for a week; but for an entire month. Ah, the state of Montmorency at this strange season! Nervous and troubled become the villagers: on the cobbled square, at doorways, in the shops, they hold little meetings. And they whisper. And they ask, "Laquelle?" And when M. le Maire and his five friends appear, the villagers closely scrutinise their faces. Inscrutable, however, those faces. M. le Maire is another Sphinx; fixed and stony is the expression of his five colleagues. Hush, they pass! They are gone, they have disappeared. Into the Mairie; and there, long sittings à huis clos. Necessarily, à huis clos. Imperative, the huis clos. For M. le Maire and his five friends are determining which is the most unselfish, the most charitable, the most virtuous, the most perfect young woman in the community: the young woman who most deserves the annual prize of eight hundred francs and the pure title of Rosière.

Heavens, the anxiety of the position! Think, we have actually to single out the most virtuous maiden in this most unusually virtuous community. No less than seven candidates present themselves—so competition. No fewer than seven young women lay claim to perfection—so too much perfection. Impossible to divide the prize: M. le Maire and his five friends must therefore choose the paragon of paragons. Which then: O which? Well, according to Madame Gallois, her own daughter, Mdlle. Jeanne, should be named Rosière. "Elle est bonne, bonne", cries Madame Gallois. "Elle est douce, douce. Enfin, monsieur, c'est un ange". And Madame Gallois sends M. le Maire and his five colleagues little offerings of vegetables and fruit; and Madame Gallois is for ever putting Mdlle. Jeanne in the path of M. le Maire—and never was Mdlle. Jeanne's expression so naïve, so demure. However, Mdlle. Germaine is also "un ange". And so is Mdlle. Marie; and so, again, is Mdlle. Angèle; and so, once more, is Mdlle. Yvonne. And the mothers of all these paragons present M. le Maire with offerings—so they are tremendously provided with vegetables and fruit. But all the time the judges remain solemn, inscrutable; again and again they shut themselves up in the Mairie, even post a sentinel before the door. However, rumours. I, for my part, am convinced that Mdlle. Angèle is perfect; but Madame Gallois, proud mother of Mdlle. Jeanne, would disillusion me. "Mon pauvre monsieur", she cries, "Vous vous trompez". Heavens—is Mdlle. Angèle a hypocrite, a serpent, the worst woman in Montmorency? Says Madame Gallois, "She is sly, sly". And I, already troubled, must also hear that Mdlle. Marie. and Mdlle. Yvonne are "deep, deep". And I, now nervous and dizzy, am urged to ask Mdlle. Georgette what she was doing in Paris on Monday last. Ah, Mdlle. Georgette, the blonde: that cruel, that haunting insinuation. I would believe in you; I do believe in you now that it is publicly announced that you have an old, old aunt in Paris. But Madame Gallois still suspects you. Madame Gallois actually shakes her fist in your mother's face. And your mother lodges a complaint at the Mairie: and soon many mothers are at war. Scowls and scowls; sneers and sneers. Feuds and feuds: who knows, perhaps a veritable vendetta in Montmorency? But—the day approaches. Opposite the station the cabmen and donkey-boys are betting on the probable result. Each one has his favourite. Each one refers to her as "the blonde", or "the brune", or "the rousse". And as they bet the seven most perfect young women loiter in the neighbourhood of the Mairie: naïve, demure. The last sitting à huis clos! Hush, the judgment! Alas, Madame Gallois, you have offered fruit and vegetables in vain. Although she took train to Paris on Monday last, Mdlle. Georgette, the blonde, is proclaimed the most perfect of the many perfect young women in Montmorency and—Rosière.

Flags flying on the Mairie, and over shops, and from

poles; and also shields on high with the motto, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité". A holiday: the villagers in their best. And before the Mairie, a crowd. Alas, in the crowd, I hear Madame Gallois and other mothers bitterly declaring, "And yet she was in Paris on Monday last". They shrug their shoulders; they sniff, they laugh. But their daughters—paragons indeed!—are blithe: and smile: and say, "Have you seen Georgette? She is exquisite". And exquisite she is when she issues forth from the Mairie on the arm of M. le Maire; exquisite is Mdlle. Georgette, the blonde, in her pure white dress, white satin slippers, white lace veil, with a wreath of white flowers in her hair. And M. le Maire is proud of her: M. le Maire in a coarse, ill-fitting frock-coat and great top-hat, who guides his fair charge slowly and sedately towards the church. Behind them, the mother and father of Mdlle. Georgette—old wrinkled peasants, but happy, happy. And then M. le Maire's five friends, and the garde champêtre (in his best blouse), and the villagers—a long procession. And so, slowly and sedately across the cobbled square, to the village church.

A short service: and Mdlle. Georgette receives the Curé's benediction. A brief sermon, in honour of Mdlle. Georgette. And it is pleasant to see Mdlle. Georgette, the blonde, with her eyes cast down, and her wrinkled old parents beside her, with their eyes—proud, shining eyes—fixed on M. le Curé on high. Down the aisle, on the arm of M. le Maire, comes Mdlle. Georgette—Rosière. Would that Mdlle. Georgette might pause a little longer in the doorway of the grey old church: all in white, smiling, blushing, on the arm of M. le Maire! Charming Mdlle. Georgette, the blonde; may all the good wishes of M. le Curé be fulfilled: in his words, may you always be true to yourself, may you and yours always be happy. But, before the church, is a brass band, the band of the firemen of Montmorency; and after a sign from M. le Maire, the band strikes up. Advance, Mdlle. Georgette. March, firemen of Montmorency. Across the cobbled square goes the band; and immediately behind it walk Mdlle. Georgette and M. le Maire, and then the old wrinkled parents, and M. le Maire's five friends, and the garde champêtre, and the six next most perfect young women in the village; and the peasantry of Montmorency. Down narrow streets, up hills, through lanes, the procession passes. Heavens, the music. Heavens, the merriment. Heavens, the amiability of M. le Maire. He is evidently in fine form—for Mdlle. Georgette is laughing. And she too is vivacious and talkative: looks up into M. le Maire's face, smiles up at him. And so, all over Montmorency: on and on, and back again, with music all the time, until the band halts before a cottage door. Smallest of cottages: Mdlle. Georgette's poor home. And here Mdlle. Georgette thanks M. le Maire, and thanks the five friends. And here M. le Maire kisses Mdlle. Georgette on the forehead, and here, also, the six next most perfect young women kiss Mdlle. Georgette in turn. And here I take my last look at Mdlle. Georgette, the blonde, as, in her pure white dress and white satin shoes and white lace veil, with a wreath of white flowers in her hair, she smiles and bows us her farewells.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

"OLD HEIDELBERG."

A SIMPLE little story, this, and quite a harmless one, if it be taken by us in the proper spirit, with due margin for its nationality. A young man, who is Hereditary Prince of a German state, is sent to Heidelberg. He relishes keenly the change from the formal atmosphere in which he has been brought up. Also, he falls in love with the daughter of an innkeeper. He is recalled to the Court, which is in need of a Regent. He goes reluctantly. He succeeds, in course of time, to the throne, and has to form a suitable "alliance". He is bored by this necessity. Before the celebration of his nuptials, he pays a flying visit of sentiment to the university where he had had such a good time, and says good-bye again to the daughter of the innkeeper. And that is the conclusion of the whole matter.

I have stated the theme briefly, baldly; but, as you will

already have seen, there is material in it for some pretty sentiment. Kings are human beings, and there is in the business of kingship much to hamper the free play of a human being's instincts. Also, universities are very nice places, in which there is not much to hamper the free play of a young human male being's instincts. Not much, I say; yet, decidedly, more than appears in fond retrospect. And that is just the point. One remembers of the past only the pleasant things that happened. One looks back through a roseate haze. And so one often fancies that youth is a much more delightful time than it actually is. It is quite natural that anyone should look back very fondly on his days at an university. For a king who had been to an university this fondness would be rather intensified. Here, then, in "Old Heidelberg", are all the makings of a delightful play. But not, as I shall suggest, the makings of a play which could become delightful in the hands of a thoroughbred German playwright.

The prettiness of "Old Heidelberg" is undeniable. Only, it is a ponderous prettiness—a solemn, slow-moving, square-toed, beer-ballasted, blinking-behind-spectacles prettiness—a German prettiness, in fine. There are, doubtless, even outside the confines of the Fatherland, folk to whom this kind of prettiness appeals. I am not one of them. I prefer a light, spontaneous prettiness. I can imagine the theme of "Old Heidelberg" being quite satisfactorily treated—taken for exactly what it is worth—by a Frenchman. But a German must always bring to bear on his lightest task that magnificent thoroughness for which, in his heavier tasks, we so rightly honour him. All the i's must be always dotted, all the t's always crossed. Nay, every t must be transfixed by a shower of darts, every i must cower beneath a plague of dots. Some years ago, I remember, I was staying in a German household. One afternoon I went out for a walk, leaving my hostess with a cousin, Fräulein Charlotte, who had come to spend the day with her. When I returned, some hours later, the cousin had gone, and my hostess I found lying on a sofa in the "salon", very pale, and holding in her hand a large bottle of smelling-salts. To my sympathetic inquiries she replied, faintly, in these words: "Sie und ich haben uns gründlich über Liebe und Freundschaft ausgesprochen" (She and I have been fundamentally discussing love and friendship). If death and disease had been the topic, this poor lady's exhaustion could not have been more complete. Nor, I am sure, would it have been less complete if she had been merely talking chiffons. For Germans are always equally in earnest about all things. At any rate (which comes to much the same thing) they believe themselves to be so. The morbidness of their famous Romantic Movement was all due to their incapacity for believing that anything could ever be transient or intermittent or superficial—that any man or maid crossed in love had any possible course but to give himself or herself up, heart and soul, and for ever, to the desire for death. I do not suggest that the Germans have more capacity for deep-souled sentiment than have people of other nationalities. The distinction drawn by me is that they have no capacity for sentiment which does not touch their soul-depths. The results of this incapacity are often rather ludicrous. "Old Heidelberg" is one of these rather ludicrous results. Terribly and unmistakably Teutonic it is in the technical method of it—in the ruthless persistence with which everything is explained and confirmed, again and again, till nothing shall have escaped even the slowest brain. To suggest an atmosphere is impossible to a German. He must analyse it and synthesise it before our eyes. Or rather, he must build it up, as a piece of solid architecture, till it be an atmosphere which could not be broken with a pickaxe, still less cut with a knife. The atmosphere of a dull court? So we have a dull Staatsminister, and a dull Hofmarschal, and two dull Kammerherrns, and a dull valet, and a dull footman, all playing lengthily into one another's hands, in case we should suppose that any one of them is not always dull. The atmosphere of a lively university? Students—students—students, all backing one another up, and playing, over and over again, the same set of tricks out of the same little bag. Oh believe me, if you took a deaf and blind barbarian to the S. James'

Theatre he would come away with a perfect knowledge of what Herr Meyer-Förster had been driving at. Yet the essential Teutonism of the play is not so saliently in its technical method as in its general conception. A reigning prince who has spent four months at Heidelberg—youth and freedom on the one hand, manhood and responsibility on the other: "Ah", sobs the German, after he has "gründlich" considered this situation, "there is no help for it. The Prince cannot become young again. He cannot even pass his sceptre on to someone else. And so there is nothing, nothing whatever, for him to do but brood eternally over his lost youth and his lost freedom. He may seem to be bearing up bravely, but we know that inside him all is despair-blackness, and that so will it be till the wonderful beautiful Angels shall him to the Ewigkeit upcarry".

Well! I maintain that for a sane treatment of the theme a lighter touch was needed. Even in Germany, where court-life is stricter, and university-life more lax, than in England, and where every man is born with a genius for making sentimental mountains out of sentimental molehills, the plight of an ex-student prince would not be in real life nearly so tragic as Herr Meyer-Förster makes it in drama. A real Karl Heinrich of Sachsen-Karlsburg would not be permanently deprived by Heidelberg of all his joy in life. The play, in fact, is a fable for German consumption. I should have supposed that in England, the land of common sense, it would be scouted as a quite absurd fable, interesting only in its side-light on the taste of German playgoers. But one never knows. "Old Heidelberg" seems to have been received here, not as a local fable, but as a very serious criticism of life in general. Falsely sentimental himself, Herr Meyer-Förster has been the cause of an awful outbreak of false sentimentality in the London press. Hardly one of my colleagues in criticism but has been weeping over the discovery that life would not be worth living if he were a king and is hardly worth living since he is not at this moment an undergraduate. I implore my colleagues to dry their eyes and pull themselves together. Kingship, as I admitted, has its drawbacks, and youth is pleasant. But the pity for kings, and the regret for lost youth, may be overdone. When our own King revisits, for some ceremonial purpose, either of those universities whereon erst, in statu pupillari, he radiated a brief lustre, tears do not, I imagine, start to his eyes for that here, in "Old Oxford" or "Old Cambridge", was passed the only period of his life from which he has contrived to extract the slightest pleasure. Kingship has its compensations, and so has maturity. And the idea that either is a necessarily disagreeable thing because it entails certain added responsibilities is an idea which I should not wish to see widely accepted. It is a morbid and disheartening idea. Even were it true that to go down from an university is to descend into a pit of everlasting regret, we ought to hush the fact up for fear of blighting even the brief span of happiness which the improvident undergraduates are enjoying. But it is quite obvious that many men do contrive to be happy in the prime of life, and even in old age. And they will continue to perform this feat, unless "Old Heidelberg" produce as lugubrious an effect on the public in general as on my colleagues.

The costumes, the backgrounds and the furniture at the S. James' are all very German. The acting of everyone there is very English. (I except Mr. Beveridge, who, as the Prince's tutor, makes it hard for us to believe that Heidelberg is not Trinity College, Dublin.) Herr Behrend, besides attending the rehearsals, should have personally conducted the cast on a short tour through Germany, to teach by experience what evidently could not be grasped by imagination. Even so, I doubt whether the brisk, sensible, independent manner of Miss Eva Moore could ever have been toned into harmony with the manner of a sentimental German waitress. Mr. Alexander, too, is so English that the grim effort to expatriate himself might have added several years to his age and so have prevented him from appearing as the Prince. He really does look and behave as though he were eighteen years old. Next time, we should not be surprised if he appeared as an infant in arms. But we should be so surprised if he

looked the part that we should be thinking all the while about him personally and not about the infant in its dramatic significance. And that is the effect wrought on us, in a lesser degree, by this lesser miracle.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

THE Scottish Provident Institution is widely known for its system of issuing participating policies at very low rates of premium, and deferring participation in bonuses until the premiums paid, accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest, amount to the sum assured. We have frequently given reasons for thinking that the Tontine, or Deferred, bonus system is contrary to the principles of mutual life assurance, and detrimental to policy-holders, but such considerations scarcely hold in the case of the Scottish Provident because of the very low rates of premium charged by the Institution.

In recent years there has been a considerable decrease in the premium rates for non-participating policies, and two or three exceptionally strong Life Offices have been approximating to a condition of affairs which will probably prevail extensively in the future, and which is only impossible at present on account of our inadequate knowledge of the actual cost of life assurance protection. People do not really want bonuses and would much prefer a fixed contract guaranteeing definite benefits provided that the cost of such benefits did not prove on the whole more expensive than participating policies. The very low premium rates for without-profit policies which can now be obtained somewhat lessens the attractiveness of the Scottish Provident system at the present time as compared with the past. Perhaps we should say that the Scottish Provident system ought to be less popular now than it was, for as a matter of fact the policies issued last year were much more numerous than usual; the number of policies issued was 3,238 as compared with little more than half that number in previous recent years. The new sums assured exceeded a million and a half, and exhibit an increase of nearly 50 per cent. over the corresponding figures of the last two or three years. We have to go back to 1895 to find a record of new business larger than reported for 1902.

Including the cost of the recent valuation the expenses amounted to 12·8 per cent. of the premium income. This is a rather higher rate of expenditure than usual, but is much below the average expenditure of British offices, and as the Scottish Provident is a mutual society there is no further expense incurred for dividends to shareholders.

The funds now amount to more than £12,000,000, and in point of magnitude the office ranks second among the many Scotch offices which are so conspicuous for the successful management of life assurance business. The rate of interest earned upon the funds was £3 18s. 3d. per cent. which is a higher return than has recently been obtained. The office values its liabilities partly at 3 and partly at 3½ per cent., so that the margin of surplus from interest is not very large; nor does the provision made for expenses at the valuation greatly exceed the expenditure that is being incurred. These facts must be considered advantageous rather than detrimental. In an office which charges high premiums for participating policies it is important that the sources of surplus should be large in order that the bonuses may be good, but under the system of the Scottish Provident the object is to provide at a low cost a large amount of Life Assurance protection, and to make the question of bonuses subordinate. It will be seen therefore that it would be a violation of the principles of the institution to attempt to provide such large sources of surplus as other offices set aside which charge higher rates of premium with the idea of returning the difference between high and low rates of premium in the form of bonuses.

A short time ago it looked as if the Scottish Provident was hardly maintaining the progress which its reputation and position ought to command, and the report for 1902 affords welcome evidence of a renewal of energy and progress which cannot fail to be advantageous to its members.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIANS AND THE ALASKA QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Port Robinson, Ontario, 6 February, 1903.

SIR,—In a recent issue you referred to the danger of destroying the imperial sentiment which now exists in Canada, unless the interest of Canada were firmly asserted and maintained by the British members of the Alaskan Boundary Commission. The Canadian contention has been ably presented by Alex. Begg, Esq., of Victoria, B.C. and T. H. Hodgins, K.C., of Toronto, Ont. The arguments adduced by those gentlemen, and the citations made from the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825 cause all Canadians, who take any interest in the subject, to believe in the justice of the Canadian interpretation of the treaty. It would be wise for the British public to become familiar with those summaries. Should the British and Canadian jurists yield, and sacrifice any territory to which the people of Canada are entitled, our national humiliation and degradation will be complete. Canadians are now intensely loyal; the Dominion Government is not loyal but it does not represent the national sentiment, and it must be remembered that the people forced Sir Wilfrid Laurier to send the different contingents to South Africa. The Canadian public is I believe in favour of bearing part of the expense of the British Navy, but as the Dominion Government has spent such immense sums in corrupting the constituencies, it immediately pleads economy and non-representation.

No members of the British Empire have suffered more in the cause of loyalty than the Canadians and to surrender an area greater than Britain to the United States would ill requite our loyalty. Consider the fact that in 1783 and later 75,000 United Empire Loyalists forfeited all wealth and social position and fled to Canada mere paupers, preferring cold poverty and starvation under the British Crown to wealth in the United States. No one unacquainted with their history can appreciate their suffering. The Ashburton treaty of 1849 gave to U.S. the most fertile parts of New Brunswick and Quebec and U.S. seized and held San Juan Island off the coast of B.C. and has kept it. Yielding in those instances was a disgrace to the British Government and a great injustice to Canada, and any further concessions will be an intolerable outrage. American statesmen have a very happy method of interpreting the article of the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825 to suit their own interests, and when it is not possible to pervert the words to suit themselves they assert, as Bayard did, their "conviction" that "it was the intention of the negotiators" that the boundary was to have been made in accordance with the present American contention, and that when those negotiators said that the boundary should begin at Cape Chacon and thence proceed northward they really intended to say eastward until it reached the 56th parallel. The U.S. purchased Alaska in 1867. What then does "fifty years' adverse holding" signify? Had the U.S. been poaching on Russian territory before the purchase of 1867? The "fifty years' adverse holding" would seem to signify as much, if it is not a positive admission of poaching. Can you not recall a popular cry in U.S. "54° 40' or fight"? Has the British public forgotten the fact that an American about five years ago planted the stars and stripes in Labrador and claimed it as U.S. territory? Such little contretemps seem a national failing in U.S.

Yours truly,

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN WOMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Machynlleth, N. Wales, 23 March, 1903.

SIR,—Your correspondent E. Keely is right. India is too wide for safe generalisation. At the same time, since my brother was a Madras civilian, I am not without some experience of Anglo-Indian women in the Presidency, and I can only say that I have not observed

so grave a distinction in their mental attitude towards the position accorded to women in India as would warrant me in making them an exception. In other ways I freely admit that there is some distinction, not only in Madras but in Bombay. It would be strange indeed if there were not. The almost universal acquaintance with English which prevails in these provinces among the better-class natives must further mutual comprehension. But the fact surely speaks for, and not against my contention that ignorance of a common language is the root of the evil.

The National Indian Association is an admirable organisation; but it is only an organisation, uncertain even of the units which compose it. How uncertain may be inferred from the fact—for which I personally vouch—that at one of the diploma-days at Lahore, an English lady who had come to receive her certificate of membership said nervously and in a quite audible tone "Oh! I do hope I shan't have to file past next a black man".

An isolated case, it will be said. Unfortunately in my experience such cases are not isolated. I have been always averse even to cataloguing them—it does them too much honour—but I will give one more that is truly typical. India of late has been full of imperial festivals. To one of these the wife of an official—who, however, was not in any way connected with the entertainment, and indeed was not present—practically bade herself by asking for an invitation because of the ball, races, &c., which were being provided, for Anglo-Indian ladies chiefly, by their native hosts. Yet at the State banquet she point blank refused the arm of one of these same hosts who had been detailed to take her to dinner. Possibly she had strong views on this same question of the position accorded to women in India, and on principle objected to being mixed up with those whom she considered coarse-minded; but if so she surely need not have touted for an occasion of dancing in their presence?

Then, as for the extract given from the "Indian Ladies' Magazine". It tells of the increasing number of English ladies who interest themselves in their native sisters and are "doing their utmost to help". Help what? And why? Perhaps the inevitable suggestion that the Indian woman is to get more than she gives, exists only in my imagination. Perhaps the help is to be mutual. If not, surely I gain another point in my second contention that we Englishwomen fail as a rule in tolerant unbiassed inquiry.

Finally as to the cowshed and the difficulty of gaining confidence. Personally I never found the former, and as for the latter—Well! cowshed or palace I was never, but once, asked to what was not—according to native etiquette—the right and honourable place for receiving guests. On that occasion, I told my hostess, that as she would not have dared to treat her youngest sister-in-law in similar fashion, I proposed to leave. She preferred to apologise, and I well remember the joy of the zenâna missionary who accompanied me on my inspection at a rebuff which she herself had never dared to give.

So, from my point of view, the Anglo-Indian woman whom your correspondent praises for patiently enduring discourtesy does by so doing show her "utter aloofness from national interest in her environment". For it is not to the advantage of either race to meet on any terms but those of perfect equality.

Yours truly,
F. A. STEEL.

"THE WAIL OF THE WOMAN-WORKER!"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SIR,—I have been for many years a genuine admirer of Mrs. Steel's powers. She has that best of all endowments for a woman, "the keys of other women's hearts". And she has not, while holding these in a secure grasp, mislaid, as some of us do, the keys of the hearts of men. Thus it was with real sadness that I read in your impression of 14 March the article signed by Mrs. Steel.

Why should Mrs. Steel who is capable of sympathy with minds so different as those of the West and the East, who can follow with such sureness the working of the one on the other, who can make us understand sympathise with, and respect such a mental position as that of the childless wife, who "looks with soft sad eyes" on the children of her happier rival—give us so scanty, so hard, so superficial, and barely even intelligent, appreciation, of the problem as regards the lives of women-workers? Why should she, of all women, let journalistic alliteration tempt her into writing on "The Wail of the Woman-Worker"? And, if she writes, may we not expect from her intelligence and sympathy help in putting a stop to the wail, rather than an addition to its volume?

She could do this, in the first place, by studying college life, say for two or three week-ends, at first hand. The colleges are hospitable: Mrs. Steel would be welcome: she would see for herself that they contain women well balanced both in mind and spirit, gracious in manner, and with intellectual interests genuine and independent. She would see that "sitting about and talking to one's friends" (a practice which however I gather to have been common with Macaulay, Shelley, and other not unintelligent persons) is not the chief characteristic of college life. She would see, and most certainly would be prompt and generous in allowing, that in quoting, even with all possible armour of inverted commas, some extremely superficial and misleading statements about college life from the "Woman's Library" she is really only "darkening knowledge". Truth lies at the bottom of a well: if we cannot, even now, give her a better lodging, we need not, at any rate, stifle her down there under bundles of quotations.

To Mrs. Steel's second quotation I beg to oppose a direct negative. It is not the case that a teacher's commercial value declines after thirty-five, or that youth, qua youth, counts in the teacher's profession more than experience. A woman of thirty-five, with a thorough, up-to-date, knowledge of her subject, with experience, power of discipline, bodily health, mental and moral balance, and self-control, would be to most head-mistresses a kind of angelic apparition. Mrs. Steel's comparison of the values of youth and of experience reminds me of an inquiry once made of the Marshal at one of our great public schools. "How is the school doing just now?" "Well, decidedly well. There are one or two young masters; but then there always will be young masters." Young mistresses are not as young masters: for the mistresses have as a rule had some training for teaching. But a head-mistress, who tries to work with young mistresses only, may reckon on having to put aside an hour daily for settling difficulties with parents and children, inspectors and official superiors. It would of course be untrue to deny that youth is just now at a premium: we cannot hope to make the "fashionable age" "fifty" or even "forty". But this is due to the dates at which the women's colleges were opened. It is difficult for a woman to have a good degree and to be very far advanced in years. But it is not as youth that youth has its advantage. It is because just now only the young have full professional training.

Then Mrs. Steel, having proved that only the youth of a teacher is of any value, goes on to demolish the value even of that youth. A teacher must (i.) "live the life of a nun", (ii.) be "excluded from society", (iii.) suffer "more or less discomfort", (iv.) always suffer from "loneliness and dulness", and (v.) be always physically incapable of doing her full work with comfort. My desire is to show that a teacher is not, as a teacher, subject to these obligations. If she is under them at all, she is so in common with other large sections of the human race. As to (i.) it is of course plain that, in England, at the present day, very many women, and many men, cannot marry. Well, then, they cannot. These women, and these men, must live their life bravely, wearing willows as if they were bays, or roses, finding their happiness in the welfare and progress of the community, and doing what they may for the general good. As to (ii.) it is true that to be poor, to be alone, to have no power of returning hospitality, does diminish the likelihood that a woman will go much into society.

Yet there are women who, in their way, make themselves felt, in the town where they are working, quite without adventitious help. As to (iii.) it is true that a teacher has to suffer "more or less discomfort"; but I have yet to find the human being about whom this statement could not, with equal truth, be made. The "murmurs of millionaires" "the woes of the wealthy" "the solitude of society" would, I feel sure, furnish material to the pen of a ready writer. As to (iv.) "loneliness and dullness", I would say a word later on, and now only that no man or woman need be lonely or need be dull. There are always human beings needing kindness: it is easy to show it to them. As to dullness, while "the world is so full of a number of things", as it is, it is difficult to avoid Stevenson's child's conclusion that we should all be "as happy as kings". The sceptic will say "Yes: just about"; the answer will be that we can at any rate have as many interests as William of Prussia, and be as plucky under pain as Edward of England. As to the last point (v.) physical incapacity for work, it can be dealt with shortly. The position of course should not be such that a delicate woman is forced to take up work for which she has not physical capacity. My desire in all this has been to show that the unmarried, those without professional training, the poor, the lonely, and the delicate, will have their difficulties. But they have these difficulties, not because they are "women", not because they are "workers", but because they are human beings in certain circumstances.

With your permission I will return to this subject in a further letter next week.

Faithfully yours,
A WOMAN-WORKER.

SANDHURST MADE EASY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 March, 1903.

SIR,—I trust that in common justice to the talented authors of the Military Handbooks reviewed under the above heading you will spare me space to enter a humble protest at one of the remarks of your reviewer. He states that both Earl Roberts in his "general principles" and Captain DeGruyther, in his "general considerations" commence with the same sentence! I submit Sir, in all deference, that this is hardly fair on either of these gallant officers, indeed it is only necessary to refer to their respective works to realise at once that here at least, your reviewer laboured to score a point at the expense of what I cannot refrain from styling, common veracity. I feel sure that with your notorious sense of fair play you will allow me to summarise briefly the remarks of the two talented authors anent this portion of their work, which will at least allow all independently minded people to see how widely divergent are their views on the military situation which immediately precedes actual hostilities.

In Part IV. Infantry Training, 1902—Section 211, paragraph 1 (page 190) we read the following preamble "Generally speaking". Now in Chapter XI. Tactics for Beginners, paragraph 2, page 177, we have an absolute volte-face for DeGruyther says uncompromisingly "Speaking generally". I submit Sir, that inasmuch as it is an accepted maxim that "putting the cart in front of the horse" implies an absolute negation of the ordinary procedure of "putting the horse in front of the cart", so does this bold departure of DeGruyther negate the tentative propositions of Earl Roberts.

Your obedient servant,
BOBSTÄDT VON KRÜGER.

WHAT IS ROSSERIE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

74 Grosvenor Road, Highbury, N., 14 March, 1903.

SIR,—Apart from the personal equation, there would appear to be no concomitant of style, journalistic or other, that explains the success, in isolated cases, of what has recently been described as a "polylinguistic parade of scholarship". Witness the failure of the

good-natured and very clever attempt at imitation that appeared in your columns on the 7th inst.

The allusive style of writing, interlarded with an abundance of foreign words and phrases, is admittedly vicious. It stands or falls by its success or failure in each particular case, and the measure of either result cannot be determined by the ignorance of any number of readers. There are many of us who would give the "eyes of the head" to possess a knowledge of the world's best literature in the languages in which it was written, and when confronted, in the course of our reading, with the aforesaid polylinguistic display, there is nothing to be done but to admit that such writing is not intended for "the likes of us" and, regretfully, to pass on.

But no amount of scholarship can guard against an occasional stumble in the use of highly idiomatic words of ultra-modernity borrowed from foreign languages, and the danger of error is perhaps greatest in transplanting pure "Parisianisms" of the Boulevards or of Montmartre. A case in point is presented by the word "rosse". What is "rosserie"? Mr. Archer defines a "comédie rosse" as "a play in which the characters artlessly reveal the egoism and baseness of their motives, as though nothing else could possibly be expected of them". (The italics are mine.) If the italicised words mean a quality or state of unconscious consciencelessness (Oh! le vilain mot!) his definition would presumably draw into its net a play like "La Veine", and if that is so, it cannot stand, for the artless revelation, on the stage, of what may be called moral irresponsibility, is delightful, and whatever else "rosserie" may be, it certainly is not that.

If I have rightly understood, the quality defined by Mr. Archer is nearer to what the French call "veulerie", but is still far removed from it, for though the moral sense is absent from both, there is a vital difference between them, the difference being that, in moral irresponsibility, character as motive is simply non-moral, revealing; as it does, unawakened conscience, while in "veulerie" it is determined by wilful stifling of conscience. And this brings us to "rosserie", which is "veulerie" raised, so to say, to the highest power. It is marked by a want of generous instincts; it, too, will have nothing to do with conscience—to which, with malice aforethought, it turns a deaf ear, or with scruples or compassion; and differs from "veulerie" in being "plus méchante . . . plus agressive et plus hargneuse"; it is not free from cruelty; "elle va au petit crime quand il lui doit servir à quelque chose".

The term "rosse" is properly descriptive of a literary genre which has grown up in France, the pépinière of all literary movements. It is not offensive, either explicitly or by connotation. Exception can only reasonably be taken to it—when it is misapplied.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
D. N. SAMSON.

THE MUSEUM GULL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 March.

SIR,—We have been hearing lately that stuffed animals in museums are more instructive exhibits than living ones in the Zoological Gardens. It may therefore be worth while to draw attention to the fact that, in the bird gallery at South Kensington, of the only three gulls set up as flying, one alone has the feet shown extended under the tail. This is the rare Ivory gull; the common Lesser Black-backed and Laughing gulls are shown, the former with its feet drawn up to its breast like a crow's when flying, and the latter with no feet visible at all! Whether gulls ever draw up their feet in front or conceal them altogether I cannot say, but I never saw them do so, nor have I ever read of such a habit. All the gulls I have ever seen on the wing—and I have seen hundreds, of many different species—had their feet stretched out under the tail, so that I can only conclude that the taxidermist who set up the birds in question has exhibited the two commonest in a misleading position.

Yours faithfully,
BURGOMASTER.

REVIEWS.

WORDSWORTH THE UNEQUAL.

"Wordsworth." By Walter Raleigh. London: Edward Arnold. 1903. 6s. net.

"TWO voices are there: one is of the deep;
It learns the storm-cloud's thunderous melody,
Now roars, now murmurs with the changing sea,
Now bird-like pipes, now closes soft in sleep:
And one is of an old half-witted sheep
Which bleats articulate monotony,
And indicates that two and one are three,
That grass is green, lakes damp, and mountains steep:
And, Wordsworth, both are thine: at certain times
Forth from the heart of thy melodious rhymes
The form and pressure of high thoughts will burst:
At other times—good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A.B.C.
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst!"

We quote the late J. K. S. at this length partly in the friendly hope that we may be introducing to some stray reader for the first time that fine metrical humourist but also because the lines deposit us in a neat summary way at Professor Raleigh's point of departure. We say advisedly his point of departure—for he must pardon us if we liken this particular essay to the kind of train specified of old in Mr. Burnand's phantasmal Bradshaw—which starts, indeed, and runs—but does not arrive. The traveller by this train need not fear boredom. The wheels will be rolling and rattling out to him clever and suggestive Raleighisms all the time—but he will not get to Charing Cross.

The case of Wordsworth is not only strange—it is, to the best of our knowledge, unique. Poets of course there have been who owed more to matter than melody—Byron for example (as Mr. Swinburne very vigorously insists) had so primitive an ear that we might almost think of him as arboreal. He provides us in consequence with few or none of those test lines by which as by an aneroid barometer we may find out on Matthew Arnold's system whether or no we are still on the lower slopes of Parnassus. In Wordsworth on the other hand such lines are as uncountable and as beautiful as the stars. The bare words—"far-off Hebrides"—"the most ancient Heavens"—"the mighty waters"—may by mere immediate reminiscence thrill readers not forgetful that in hastily remembering the better known lyrical poems they are leaving out of account various blank verse passages of incomparable and immortal splendour. And yet it was this man—this Wordsworth—thinking of whose best things one almost wonders whether it is lawful to call him a man—who could not only on occasion be excruciatingly flat but was also capable of wilfully sinking to the vicious practice of inversion. This is no mere pedantry—to which a man might say—"Do'st thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more split infinitives?" It is not as if the practice of inversion were some venial license or captivating eccentricity in regard to which it might be better to err with Pope than shine with Pye. From cover to cover of the "Golden Treasury" it will be found roughly speaking absent; and it has in fact in every epoch been the monopoly of the poetaster. Our own pet instance is from Pomfret emulating Pindar and with this much material to light the fire—"Whatever is made must suppose a maker, as an effect shows a cause that could produce it". He then lights it—

"Whate'er is made a maker must suppose,
As an effect a cause, that could produce it, shows".

But inversion is tenacious of life in every age and still paces hobblingly alongside of poetry. If split infinitives and vicious inversions were the way to glory, "Truth's" barrel organist—whom we bring in not wantonly here but for the sake of a subsequent illustration—would long ago have been made a bright constellation in the heavens. In the meantime Wordsworth with his—"yet so it was an ewe I bought and other sheep from her I raised"—"My name is Alice Fell, and I to Durham, sir, belong!"—or "We'll for our whistles run a race"—sets the teeth of his admirers all the more on edge because he is not emulating Pindar but pretending—and

pretending very badly—to talk like a peasant. And yet such is the greatness of the poet that these same unhappy admirers can hardly snatch even a fearful joy in pointing this out but feel rather as if they had handed themselves over to some spirit sacrilegious and unholy.

From "inversion" we pass to the general question of "prosaicalness" in Wordsworth. It is useless at this late time of day to gaze again upon the grave which was three feet long and two feet wide—let us rather take the quatrain which chances to be quoted here from "Hartleap Well".

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side."

To write "asleep he sank" in order to rhyme with "drank" a modern rhymester would have to be less than a minor poet—and as for the abrupt cadence of the word "summer-tide" it is like a chair withdrawn from one about to sit. The iteration of "perhaps" has the audacity of greatness determined at all costs to be bald. Wordsworth at his best was Vergil's equal in verbal music and, as many would think, psychically his superior—yet he gives us a quatrain which reads just like a wooden translation out of Vergil by a second-rate sixth-form boy. But Vergil unlike Wordsworth was a true lover and respecter of his craft. He did not ask for a stricken deer—he was quite content to glorify a shovel. Hence Charles Tennyson Turner standing in the straw-yard and watching "The straw of harvest, sever'd from the corn, climb and fall over in the murky air" thinks in his modesty of Vergil—

"I could but feel
With what a rich precision He would draw
The endless ladder and the booming wheel!"

Wordsworth, truly great indeed but lacking what goodness knows who first called "the modesty of true greatness", flung (like Whistler, selon Ruskin) take it or leave it any kind of metrical hotch-pot in the face of the public.

In thinking how he came to do this we revert for our illustrational purpose to "Truth's" barrel organist—whom we know only in his poetry—but who seems to have said thus within himself: "I am writing for a paper which holds man to be a miserable emmet and the cult of 'high' (save the mark!) poetry an almost actionable imposture and fraud—split infinitives and vicious inversions may help to draw attention to the dull mechanic nature of this so-called industry!" A quite legitimate attitude this for the indispensable parodist and much like that of Wordsworth except that whereas "Truth" revolted against poetry itself, Wordsworth revolted against "Poetic Diction". Wordsworth's soliloquy might run something as follows—"Reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fires" indeed! No, no. "The Minster clock has just struck two and yonder is the moon." That is what I will give them. I hate their affectations and will be puerile in order to show how much I scorn to be pompous". To account for the difference between Wordsworth's theory and his practice writers have to make despairing resort to the miraculous and say that Urania visiting the poet nightly put the finest poetic diction perforce into his mouth. But it is really no explanation at all to say that he wrote "The Affliction of Margaret" without inversions because the Muse came in and wrote it for him.

Professor Raleigh does not disagree—he only fails to elucidate. "The Seer" (who might surely now drop this decayed title) kept getting as he says in the poet's way; The Seer in fact was poet one and Wordsworth was poet two, which, as Mr. Brooke in "Middlemarch" might have said, "would be true in both senses you know"! But looking back to this critic's "Milton" in which he pointed out, not for the first time perhaps, but with no little illustrational acuteness, that Milton was the real begetter of "Poetic Diction" we did hope for some new literary light upon the problem set by J. K. S. It may be insoluble:—for the bare conceivability of course remains that Wordsworth spoke alternately like a sheep and like a god by a kind of fluke and because he did not know himself when he was doing which.

The extreme literary finish of his finer verse forbids us to believe it—even on tiny points of technique he was a pioneer and pioneers are not usually stone blind to what they are doing. In the case of redundant syllables, for example (now the common heritage of rhymers) Wordsworth wrote "Where rivulets dance their wayward round" at a time when some hare-hearted Popian would have fled dismayed from the word or had it printed "riv'let". And yet some of his criticism was fairly staggering—he writes concerning prose that "if metre be superadded thereto, I believe that a dissimilitude will be produced altogether sufficient for the gratification of a rational mind". One can but think of Dryden's line—"For to write verse with him is to transprose". An inquiry into the whole problem should start with the fact pointed out by Mr. Myers in his splendid "Men of Letters" monograph that Wordsworth possessed the gift of melody only from 1798 to 1818, and that after that "he continued as wise and as earnest as ever, but his poems had no longer any potency nor his existence much public importance". The inquiry should proceed to Wordsworth's favourite authors and in what way they influenced his style.

Enlightenment on such points we have here expected in vain—but the critic if not more original is stronger on the psychological side. Jowett always thought the lines "To me the meanest flower" &c. over-strung and over-strained and Mr. John Morley seems to have said that a man can learn nothing whatever of moral wisdom by means of an "impulse from a vernal wood". Not the worst passages here are those in which it is rightly insisted that for those who do not see that the doctrine on which he dwelt throughout his lifetime is no detachable ornamental appendage, but at the very core and centre of the poet's mind and art, Wordsworth is a sealed book and a dead letter.

GREEK CRITICISM AND ENGLISH EDITORS.

"Demetrius on Style." The Greek text of "Demetrius De Elocutione." Edited after the Paris manuscript. With introduction, translation, facsimiles &c. By W. Rhys Roberts. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1903. 9s. net.

IF Professor Rhys Roberts' attainments and patience were equal to his ambition he would not only have laid students of classical literary criticism under greater obligations than any other living man, but he would have left work memorable, and even epoch-marking, in the history of classical scholarship in England. It is a lamentable testimony of the subordination of literary to philological study in our Universities that such a subject as Greek criticism should still be in its infancy, should, up to the present moment, have failed to find even a pioneer. We have only to open Liddell and Scott's Lexicon and compare the articles on technical terms in philosophy with those on technical terms in criticism to understand how utterly neglected this important branch of classical learning has been. What, for example, could be more deplorably inadequate than the explanations given of *δενότης*, of *γοργότης* the critical sense of which is not so much as recognised, of *γλαφυρός*, of *ισχνός*, of *μεγαλοπρέπεια*, of *ὑδρεπήβολος* and of scores of other terms. Indeed to a reader of the Greek critics that noble work—our heart bleeds to have to find any fault in it, so vast so unspeakable is every scholar's debt to it—is all but useless. In the next edition we trust these defects will be remedied. But something more than mere explanations are required, for explanations without illustrative examples and references would be of small assistance. What is really wanted is a supplement. We would respectfully submit to the delegates of the Press that they could not confer a greater service on an increasing number of students than the preparation of a special Lexicon of Greek technical terms in criticism, either as a separate work, or in the form of an appendix to the present Lexicon. We say advisedly "an increasing number of students", for, thanks to the judicious munificence of Mr. Passmore Edwards who has founded a University Scholarship for the comparative study of the English and ancient classical litera-

tures, there is likely in the near future to be much activity in this direction.

What we here plead for Dr. Rhys Roberts has had, and has lost the opportunity of providing. When, in 1899, he announced that he had taken this province of Greek learning under his care, and initiated his task with an edition of the Treatise on the Sublime he had certainly the sympathy and good wishes of all scholars. But this first instalment proved, on inspection, to be seriously defective, and to indicate that Dr. Roberts had not sufficiently distinguished between what would pass muster with average undergraduates in a college lecture room and what is very properly required from one who aspires to be an authority and a specialist. For this particular treatise so much had already been done by successive editors that an edition which did not at least aim at finality was a mere work of supererogation; but at finality it had not even the appearance of pretence. In fact Dr. Roberts beyond producing a better translation than any of his many predecessors had done, some interesting but somewhat superficial prolegomena, a few useful notes, and a jejune and most unsatisfactory glossary, left the treatise pretty much as he found it.

Dr. Roberts' failure was the more to be regretted because it was perfectly clear, that it arose not wholly, in Milton's phrase, from "causes in nature unremovable"—for of his eminent abilities and sound scholarship there can be no question—but mainly from precipitancy. It was not, however, in errors and inaccuracies in minutiae, though they were many, not in inability to grapple successfully with textual corruptions, for this requires what no industry can attain, genius, that its capital infirmity lay but in its failure to determine the precise meaning of technical terms, and in its critical commentary. Success here could only be the result of patient diligence, of careful deductions and generalisations drawn not from what may be hurriedly and easily acquired on the highways and beaten tracks of classical study, but from familiarity with the whole range of Greek and Roman critical literature. To a scholar, in the serious sense of the term, the publications which Dr. Roberts has, in the garb of completed works, hurried through the press, would represent little more than some of the preliminary material for editions, or even for dissertations. As they now stand, so far from being creditable to English scholarship as contributions to classical learning, they cannot be recommended as satisfactory text-books even for tiros. We have noticed that these imperfections have, in all kindness, been more than once pointed out to Dr. Roberts, and are sorry to see that in the preface to his second work, his edition of the three literary Letters of Dionysius, the only effect they have had on him has been to elicit a petulant and irritable defence of them. In the work before us, his third instalment, they are as deplorably apparent as in its predecessors.

The work opens with a preliminary sketch of the study of prose style among the Greeks which, if it be little more than a compilation from Egger's work and other works equally well known, junior students will find lucid and useful. More importance should have been attached to the Rhodian School, and, in an analytical dissertation on style extending to more than twelve pages, it would have been well to define what "style" is, as well as to have refrained from such platitudes as "all the best Greek prose was intended to please the ear". To assert that "a principal purpose of Horace in writing his letter to the Pisos seems to have been to enjoin the incessant study of the great Greek models" is absolutely unwarranted and most misleading. A more ludicrously absurd remark than that admirably quoted from Mr. Saintsbury about Longinus could scarcely be made. "A critic Promethean and Epimethean in his kind, learning by the mistakes of all that had gone before, and presaging with instinctive genius much that was not to come for centuries after". The fifth source of the sublime, we may notice in passing, *ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις*, in all probability does not mean "dignified and elevated composition", but refers to the effect of the whole, is exactly the "totum" of Horace, nor does *γοργότης* mean "poignancy" and to translate it so is totally to misapprehend its meaning.

And this brings us to the radical inadequacy of Dr. Roberts' work. The least which could be required from an editor of Demetrius is that he should have spared no pains to determine the precise signification of technical terms, to supply their nearest equivalents in English and to illustrate them by pertinent examples taken from our own and from ancient classical literature. Let us see how he succeeds. Take *ψυχρότης*. This is explained as "frigidity" which as applied to style is absolutely meaningless in English, and translated as "tameness" or "tastelessness" which is merely an accident in the essential meaning, wholly and hopelessly misleading as an equivalent. The nearest equivalent in English is probably "forced affectation", "falsetto", "conceit" in the sense in which it is applied to our own metaphysical school. Take again *κακόζηλος* which is translated "tasteless" whereas it really means "grossly affected". Again the word *ἀλαζονεία* which is altogether omitted in the glossary and is absurdly translated "impotence". Its technical meaning is neither indicated nor illustrated. Even the complex and important word *δενότης* is most inadequately treated, and so again is *γλαφυρός*: will Dr. Roberts maintain that "smooth", "polished" "elegant" cover completely the meaning comprised in it? It would be interesting to know why *ἐξηλλαγμένος* should be translated "distinguished" or "elaborate". Nor can *διάνοια* possibly mean a sentence in the sense of a "clause". In the article on *ἀλληγορία* why is Plutarch's definition, more pertinent and important than any given, not cited? When did *διαμόρφωσις* ever mean "a detail"? or *βεβαιούσαν* "steady going"? or *χαμαιτύπη* "earthward-hurled"? or *αὐτόθεν* "consequently"? Occasionally Dr. Roberts surprises us with blunders which make us rub our eyes as when he translates *τὰ ιερά τε τὰ ὁσια τε* as "things sacred and things holy too" and *γαυρίων καὶ ἀπολακτίζων* as "proudly prancing" or *τὸ ἐσχηματισμένον* as "a covert allusion" or *παρόμοιος* as "symmetrical". It may be added, and it is a proof of Dr. Roberts' capital infirmity, that some of these words—we have by no means exhausted the list—though wrong in the translation are explained rightly in the glossary. But we have no desire either to multiply instances of what are, in some cases no doubt, slips, or to dwell on them, and we hasten to say that the translation is the only satisfactory portion of the work, being vigorous, readable and, in general, both happy and accurate. It is in the critical commentary and in the explanation of the technicalities that Dr. Roberts fails, and fails egregiously. What possible end can be served by a glossary in which we are informed that *τραγῳδία* means "tragedy", *ψόφος* "a sound", *χορός* "chorus" and the like, and which omits such important words as *γοργότης*, *ἀλαζονεία*, and such uncommon words as *ἀπνιδάκωτος* and *χαμαιτύπη*? His illustrations are lamentably meagre, his knowledge of English literature apparently extending not much further than Tennyson and the mediocrities of our own day, of whose writings Dr. Roberts appears to be a diligent and reverent student.

To the higher qualities of an editor Dr. Roberts has no pretension. Thus, the lacuna in section 120 is left with the helpless "*lacunam statuit Victorius*" to represent all commentary; and so, again, the prodigious construction *κατακεκοιμένη εἶκει* is not only retained in the text but passed over without a note calling attention to it, while the absurd conjectural insertion of an *ῆ* in section 122 not only makes nonsense of the text, but renders Dr. Roberts liable to the suspicion that he is not aware that *στρατηγός* can have any other meaning than a military commander. The phrase *κολοκύντης ὑγέστερος* "lustier than a pumpkin" in section 127 is apparently assigned, like its predecessor, to Sophron, a reference to so obvious a source as our old friend Liddell and Scott will show that it belongs to Epicharmus.

Such are some of the errors and defects which a somewhat cursory inspection of Dr. Roberts' work has enabled mere laymen like ourselves to detect. Specialists with more leisure will, we fear, have a heavier bill of complaint to present. As Dr. Roberts has still his magnum opus to produce, and announces his intention of pursuing yet further his editorial labours, we have thought it well, both in his own interests and

in the interests of scholarship and literature, to address yet one more word of friendly warning to him:—

"There n'is no werkman, whatso'er he be,
That may both werken wel and hastily,
This wol be done at leisure parfitly."

His ambition has made him conspicuous, whether it will make him anything else will depend largely on qualifications to which at present he certainly attaches too little importance.

THE IDEAL SCHOOLMASTER.

"The Schoolmaster." By Arthur Christopher Benson.
London: Murray. 1902. 5s. net.

WE wonder how many of the numerous parliamentarians who of late have been lavishing so liberally on the world their views on education have read this book: we wonder too how many of the professional educationists could have written it. We fear but few of the parliament men can have read it, or they could hardly talk as they do. We are sure extremely few of the educationists could have written it. For it is the peculiarity of Mr. Benson's work that it is a book professing to deal with education, and yet really does deal with it. Mr. Benson has made the great discovery that in teaching boys the boys count for something. Had one not known Mr. Benson, it would have been with real surprise that, reading on into his book, we found ourselves occupied with living beings, with mind, with intellect, the living person dwarfing systems, machinery, classes, and all the paraphernalia of educational technique, to a subordinate insignificant place. This must be a very unpopular book with many of our school-board luminaries, who rejoice in the accidents of education and think they have conclusively answered the criticism which suggests essentials for their consideration, when they have shown that the accidents on which they spend themselves are inseparable. Mr. Benson's point of view is different indeed from theirs; he never loses ends in means: his perspective is true throughout. He realises that after all the cardinal fact about master and pupil is a man and a boy. And there you have his whole method and no other method is wanted. Realise that you are a man and that your charge, your ward, is a boy, whom you are to help make a man, and from that everything required for the ideal schoolmaster will follow; provided only that, having this clear understanding of the position, you are yet drawn to the schoolmaster's life, to his part in the world, and not estranged from it. You may be a competent instructor, though you dislike giving instruction; you may even be a tolerable teacher, though you would rather not teach—you may be, though you are much more likely not to be—but you cannot be even a decent schoolmaster, unless your work is a labour of love. Conscientious, dutiful, painstaking a man who takes to schoolmastering merely as a means of making a living may be; but he misses his whole vocation. He will do no good. A gardener cannot train trees or grow flowers who does not understand them and is not fond of them; he becomes a labourer, or a florist, or a botanist, every one of them a thing wholly distinct from a gardener. How then can a man be a schoolmaster who is not fond of boys? From any page in his book anyone can see that Mr. Benson loves his boys. He has the soul of the thing in him. Mr. Benson, of course, is a master at Eton and we can well believe that it is easier for a master to have the one thing needful at Eton than at some other schools. But, so far as is possible, so far as human nature is capable of it, the less stimulus springing from amenities in other places must be made up by devotion and an ideal. To use a parallel of Mr. Benson's, a man should have such scruples about taking up schoolmastering simply as a profession as he should have in taking Holy Orders. That is the ideal to which we want to move; and it is an ideal which we know very many of our public schoolmasters have already reached.

One shadow lies across Mr. Benson's book. That is the world's view of a schoolmaster's status. Mr. Benson lays it down broadly that in the world's view the schoolmaster is a very small person; and the sense

of the world's view of him is apt to oppress the schoolmaster, who, the finer his sensibility, feels the more keenly the irony of his own somewhat awesome importance to the boys in his unimportance to the world. Others less finely constituted actually become the small men the world rates them. We think that of masters in the great public schools Mr. Benson has misjudged the world's opinion; prestige in their case successfully corrects the world's stupidity. But of teaching as a vocation, of the schoolmaster and schoolmistress at large, Mr. Benson has undoubtedly but too truly gauged the world's view. It is a monstrous state of things; injurious, intolerable. Those in high places can easily change all this; and if they cared for their country they would. To preach education and yet leave a removable obstacle in the way of the best men devoting themselves to the training of youth is an hypocritical farce. In our great care for education we make the schoolmaster's life such that the forceful man, the man of energy, large heart, and large ideas, in short the man who is best suited to be a master, generally gives up schoolmastering the moment he can find an opening elsewhere. Indeed he will think it an advance to give up the making of men for the making of paragraphs. The shame is not his.

A NON-THEOLOGIAN ON S. AUGUSTINE.

"Saint Augustine and his Age." By Joseph McCabe. London: Duckworth. 1902. 6s. net.

MOST modern books dealing with S. Augustine of Hippo have either been popular and more or less frankly hagiographical in character, or they have been more or less scientific studies of his philosophic and doctrinal position as a champion of the Christian faith against forms of thought which were widely prevalent in his own day. There was therefore plenty of room for a new biography of him, written from a modern standpoint and embodying the results of the large amount of accurate investigation which has been devoted to his writings, and to the history of his times, in recent years. It is this vacant place which Mr. McCabe has endeavoured to supply; and although his work is in many ways far from satisfactory, it has not a few conspicuous merits. If it is not based upon any very profound acquaintance with S. Augustine's writings or on any very exhaustive knowledge of his times, it is at least the outcome of a thorough and careful study of some of the best modern books upon the subject. It is clearly and forcibly written; in fact the story is so well told that the reader is apt to be carried on in spite of himself, and only begins to hesitate after a while as to how far the picture can be recognised as true and adequate. Moreover, little as he agrees with him, Mr. McCabe writes, if we mistake not, with a real and sincere admiration for the great saint who has left so deep a mark, both for good and for evil, upon the history of the Christian Church, not to say of the whole world. He recognises the purity of his motives and the nobility of his character. Whilst avoiding the adulation of Augustine's philosophic originality which was formerly common, he does more justice to it than has been done by many modern writers, such as M. Nourisson. And, by the way, we are grateful to him for recording the fact that, just as the grave of Origen at Tyre is said to be revered still by the bands of wandering Arabs of that region, so (it would seem) is the memory of S. Augustine amid the ruins of his episcopal city:

"One of Hippo's glories still lives in the midst of this desolation. On Fridays the neighbouring Arabs gather at a certain spot amongst the ruins, to sacrifice birds, and fire their rifles, and offer other uncouth tokens of an unusual veneration. And when you ask them the story which lies at the root of their strange tradition, they can only tell you vaguely that once a great 'Roumi' (Christian) dwelt in that spot."

But although the book has not a few good qualities, it has many noticeable defects. Mr. McCabe is not infrequently slipshod or inaccurate in his facts. He seems to think that Arians and Unitarians are the same thing; he confuses the *lætitiæ* on the days of martyrs

with the *agapæ*; he seems to think that by vindicating the character of the teaching of Epicurus he has demolished what Augustine (in common, be it remembered, with many other writers) has to say against the Epicurean teaching of his own day. And there are other things of the same kind. Mr. McCabe has an annoying habit of generalising as to the condition of the Church in Augustine's time, or the social life of the period, from single passages taken from sermons or other rhetorical compositions, and separated from their context. In some cases a reference to the passage referred to shows that it cannot be pressed too literally, whilst in others it is obviously impossible to draw a general conclusion from a single example of such a character.

But what is to our mind a more serious fault than this is Mr. McCabe's general method. His book, as he informs us, is to be "an attempt to interpret the life of one of the most famous saints of the Christian Church by the light of psychology rather than by that of theology". We wish that it were such an attempt; and our chief complaint is that it is nothing of the kind. From the beginning to the end the author cannot forget his own position, and will not allow his readers to forget it either. The chief fault of "the hagiographer", at whom Mr. McCabe is always casting stones, is that he compels the facts to say what he wishes them to say: but he himself does just the same thing. His book is not history so much as history with a purpose: the story is told with a view to a conclusion which is from the first taken for granted. In other words, Mr. McCabe has not studied his subject "by the light of psychology" but by the light of his own theology or non-theology; and we wish that he had candidly recognised the fact. For his standpoint is hardly an advantageous one for the study of such a life as that of Augustine. He tries to resolve its difficulties by means of "a saving tincture of Pelagianism". But he has not studied the tenets of Pelagius and his followers with the same care that he has devoted to those of Augustine: had he done so, he might find that they are not so much like the quasi-Pelagian views of to-day as he seems to think. But however that may be, in one respect at any rate the resemblance is very close. They are alike characterised by a somewhat superficial view of sin. Such was the case with the Pelagians; and we must express our opinion that Mr. McCabe also, in spite of his somewhat highly-coloured picture of the depravity of the age, does not make anything like a sufficient allowance for the sense of sin which weighed upon the whole age, and which is, in fact, one of its most significant features. It is this deep realisation of sin, this deep sense of personal guilt, which is the key to much that is one-sided and unpleasing, much that would otherwise be unlovely and indeed inexplicable. It is this which invests the later life of Augustine with a tragic greatness and a sublime dignity, in spite of all his harshness and narrowness. A study of the life of Augustine which does not put this in the forefront necessarily misses the mark. It is the inadequate presentment of this element which makes Mr. McCabe's delineation so unsatisfactory: and we are convinced that a view of the universe which rests upon an inadequate view of sin (as the revolt of the will against that which it knows to be good) must in the long run fail to satisfy the minds of men, as from the first it fails to answer to their highest aspirations.

AFRICAN SPORT.

"Two African Trips." By E. N. Buxton. London: Stanford. 1902. 15s.

MR. E. N. BUXTON is already well and favourably known to those interested in big-game shooting. His "Short Stalks" and other works have long since demonstrated that he belongs to that class of sportsmen who shoot for a few picked specimens, and with a proper and husband-like regard for the future and for those who come after them. If all gunners had been of this genus, we should not now have to lament the decadence of great game. The author has obviously spent as much time and trouble in search of material

for his camera as for his rifle; the result is excellent, and the book is far better illustrated than are most works of this kind. There are no less than eighty full-page reproductions, many of them admirable, depicting scenery, natives, game, birds, and wild life generally. Of this side of his work Mr. Buxton says "In fact, it would be better described as a picture-book than a volume of travels". That is something of an over-statement; the letterpress will be found fully as interesting and as adequate as are the illustrations.

Sportsmen of the present day can reach their shooting grounds with an ease and lack of trouble which would have astonished their predecessors, even of a score of years back. Mr. Buxton and various members of his family, for instance, tripped into the heart of East Africa and away up the Nile to the Equatorial Provinces, and, after a month or so in the game country, retired with quite respectable bags. In the old days the hardest and most wearying part of the business was the long waggon trek or caravan march from the coast to the interior. The extension of railways and the conquest of the Sudan have changed all this; and the big game hunter, whether north or south of the equator, is now whisked to his chosen veldt by railway, or carried far up the Nile, into the very midriff of Africa, by rail and steamer. Once on his ground, however, he finds himself sadly confined and restricted by the new and harassing shooting regulations to which we shall afterwards refer.

The author travelled in the first instance, in 1899, into British East Africa. Here he enjoyed fair sport, shooting rhinoceros, various antelopes, gazelles, a couple of giraffe and a zebra or two. Game on the Athi plains seems to be still extraordinarily plentiful. The buffalo are gone, swept away by the fatal rinderpest, and eland are scarce. But the author saw, even from the windows of the train, plenty of rhinoceros, hartebeest, Thomson's and Grant's gazelles, zebra, ostrich, impala, "and wildebeest (brindled gnu) in numbers which I have dreamed of, but never hoped to see". He was witness of a wonderful trek of wildebeest, the herd passing before his party numbering at least three thousand head.

Lions are still plentiful; indeed, during the building of the Mombasa-Nyanza railway, they were a perfect curse to the unfortunate native porters and labourers. Mr. Buxton had an exciting brush with four of these carnivora. He was accompanied by his daughter, who was not shooting, and was under a compact to remain a hundred yards in rear. "This limit" however "she interpreted liberally in her own favour". One of the lions sneaked back through some covert and found itself face to face with the lady. Charging at Mr. Buxton, it was hit within eight yards and quickly despatched. Almost immediately another lion discovered itself, roaring savagely close to father and daughter. This, too, was slain without mishap, upon which—for, as Mr. Buxton remarks, lion-hunting is scarcely "a suitable sport for young ladies to indulge in"—the party may well congratulate themselves. Concerning the Uganda Railway the author makes this reflection:—"present figures point to this—that we must take out our dividends on the five millions sunk . . . in prestige and contingent military advantages; and that for an unknown period the working expenses will not be covered by the earnings, but must remain a charge on the British taxpayer." Still we ought not to grumble. Russia, with far-seeing eyes, cheerfully sinks million after million in this way, without lament and without compunction. She knows that the end is worth the sacrifice.

The author's trip far up the White Nile yielded a good deal of labour and hardship, much pleasure, a fair head of game, and many interesting photographs. Buffalo, lion, roan antelope, water-buck, white-eared kob, and other antelopes were bagged and innumerable legions of wild fowl and wading birds were encountered. It can, however, scarcely be claimed that these regions are ideal sporting grounds. Endless swamps, high and interminable reed beds, heat, fever, legions of mosquitoes, "Nile throat" and other ailments; all these have to be reckoned with. Sir Edmund and Lady Lechmere—two well-known followers of big game—no great while since returned from the Sobat and Fashoda

country without having accomplished their object—Sir Edmund having been driven back by unconquerable malaria. There are, in fact, many far more interesting and more healthy parts of Africa, still open to the gunner, where game is infinitely more varied and more accessible than amid the endless marshes and dreary reed beds of the Upper Nile.

Mr. Buxton devotes a considerable portion of his book to a consideration of the game laws now obtaining in East and Central Africa the Sudan and Nile regions and Somaliland. He prints at length the regulations proclaimed in the various territories. His criticisms are, in the main, those which must occur to every fair-minded sportsman and lover of nature. Very heavy licenses are now imposed on gunners; some kinds of game are protected altogether; and the bag is usually restricted to no more than a head or two of each of the various animals permitted to be shot. So far well and good. Most sportsmen, if they knew that all people were to be treated alike, would have no great fault to find with restrictions which tend to the preservation of species and the limiting of wanton butchery. But, as Mr. Buxton points out, this is by no means the case. Immense reserves are demarcated, where European hunters are excluded, but where civil officials, approved residents, and officers of the Egyptian army are allowed to shoot, pretty much as they please. The White Nile reserve is described as a sanctuary. But, as the author well remarks, "a sanctuary where people are allowed to shoot is a contradiction in terms. A Vestal Virgin should not be allowed to have two or three lovers". Such reserves are as useless as they are unfair. In Somaliland, for example, a reserve, for officers quartered at Aden, existed for fifteen years, with the result that the game there was completely shot out. An officer of the Egyptian Army, mentioned by Mr. Buxton, was known to have killed thirteen waterbuck in one place; and it is very plain that game may and will vanish before official uniforms as readily as before the unprivileged traveller. Enormous districts are now closed, as reserves, against the ordinary British sportsman; yet they are open to officers and civil servants of the Egyptian Government. These districts include Darfur, Kordofan, the splendid game country about the upper waters of the Blue Nile and Atbara and the whole of the Sudan south of the Sobat and the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Either these countries should be completely closed, or they should be thrown open under proper restrictions to all British subjects. We may well ask with Mr. Buxton "Where the mere British citizen fond of travelling and of hunting comes in?"

NOVELS.

"The Better Sort." By Henry James. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

With a less able writer than Mr. James such a title as that of his latest volume would be a dangerous one, tempting the critic to a playing with words. Eleven stories, carefully planned, carefully written, form the volume, and the characters are all of the "better sort" of people, the interest being derived purely from the inter-play of their individualities without anything of the violent, episodic sort so much delighted in by the ordinary run of short-story writers. Mr. Henry James is not an ordinary writer, and the fact would be apparent to anyone who should make a first acquaintance with his work in this volume and read but the opening sentence of any one of the stories. Often it begins abruptly with a reference to "her" or "him" or "us" and then we are gradually introduced to the persons indicated by the personal pronouns. Those who in the old phrase like to read while running are not those to whom "The Better Sort" will appeal, but those who like their fiction to be the result of close thought and careful observation presented in an eminently literary manner will find the book the source of considerable enjoyment. "The Special Type", "The Tone of Time" and their companion stories impress us as being unforgettable owing to the pictures of low-toned realism which they afford.

(Continued on page 398.)

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"Bert Edward. The Golf Caddie." By Horace Hutchinson. London: Murray. 1903. 2s. 6d.

Happy the man able to find romance in his abiding pastime. A man might as well look to see a hero in his own valet. Yet here is Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who won the highest honours at golf close on twenty years ago, so little surfeited with habit that he can use the links for the arena of his latest story. And it is an excellent story, simple, direct, and if without subtlety also without pretences, fresh with the winds of the East Neuk of Fife, and wrought altogether in the open air. To take a game for your field of glory is inevitably to cheapen the scale of your achievement, and though even a golf caddie may prove a worthy protagonist, it is not his agonism as a caddie that will interest us; he must play for bigger prizes than cups and medals. But 'Bert Edward' is best as a boy; the tale of how he first carried the clubs is better than that of how he won the championship, and his attachment to Flora more entertaining before she puts up her hair.

"A Red, Red Rose." By Katharine Tynan. London: Eveleigh Nash. 1903. 6s.

Miss Tynan's book is a social panorama rather than a story. There are no leading parts. Many well-drawn characters figure in the novel, and their dialogue and manners are characteristic and excellent. But no one holds the stage with any vividness of interest. An American brother and sister, wealthy and clever, come to England and attempt the conquest of county society. They succeed, become popular, and marry the woman and man they desire. But the interest of the tale fluctuates from them quite early in the recital, and one becomes involved in sympathy, successively, in a country doctor's wife, who subdues her life to the interest of her husband, an impoverished landlord who woos and marries a rich widow most gracefully, a young lady (nominal heroine) who becomes engaged to three men in succession, with the most admirable motives, and a villain. The villain is only villain by courtesy and custom of novelists. His worst offences are living at Streatham, with the alleged manners and morals of Streatham, being admired by suburban damsels and wanting to marry the heroine. But he turns out the most genuine figure in the social scheme of the author, although suburban and vulgar. He not only resigns his claim on the heroine's hand when he discovers that she does not love him, but hands over to her mother some few thousands of forged bills which formed his instrument of coercion to secure a marriage with the dutiful daughter. The book contains plenty of clever writing and bright conversation, but wants concentration. A stage manager of melodrama could have taught Miss Tynan how to have made her story dramatically interesting as well as clever.

"Lord Leonard the Luckless." By W. E. Norris. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

We take leave to say reluctantly that Mr. Norris having chosen a gratuitously disgusting theme for his last novel has treated it with crude cynicism. His hero is an interesting if irritating character, a boy keen on the navy turned unwillingly into a county magnate, shy, unsuspicious, disappointed in all his hopes and affections. His best friend first robs him of his fiancée and then of his honour as a husband. The one being who understood and liked him in his middle-age, the aforesaid friend's sailor son, is killed in Africa. But our complaint is that the story, such as it is, turns upon the paternity of Lord Leonard's reputed daughter, a question which is not treated nicely. Mr. Norris has so successfully adopted for years what is called an "urbane" manner towards human follies that he seems to be at last incapable of seeing where urbanity becomes inhumanity.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Correspondence of Lady Burghersh with the Duke of Wellington." Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. London: Murray. 1903. 7s. 6d. net.

Considering the great interest of these letters, and to our mind their public importance, Lady Weigall had no need to yield reluctantly to their publication. Indeed they might have been published with advantage years ago. The character

portraits of Wellington have been mostly caricatures, amongst others that one which depicts him as sitting in his old age "lonely in the bleak and comfortless surroundings that he chose; while friendship and family affection passed him by". These delightful letters, in which we see the Duke as a warm friend and an affectionate relative, throw a light on his character that was needed greatly. The letters themselves are the thing, but Lady Westmorland's memorandum on the Duke written in 1852 was well worthy of print. He loved children and their talk, he was considerate to his servants and retainers, he was, secretly, most charitable—these points Lady Westmorland brings out. We hope these letters will be widely read and will go into several editions.

"The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift." Vol. X. Edited by Temple Scott. London: Bell. 1902. 3s. 6d.

This volume of Messrs. Bell's edition of Swift's Works, which is to be completed in twelve volumes, comprises under the title of "Historical Writings" the work known as "The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen" about whose authorship there has been some doubt: "An Abstract of the History of England" and the collection of "Swiftiana" being the notes made by Swift in his copies of Macky's "Characters of the Court of Queen Anne" Clarendon and Burnet's Histories, and Addison's "Freeholder". Mr. Scott, who has edited this volume with the same industry and knowledge which he has devoted to the other volumes of the series, writes an introduction in which he decides for the authenticity of "The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen" which is really a party pamphlet on the Treaty of Utrecht, and has very little value either as literature or history. The "Abstract" is of no interest whatever; and has nothing of Swift's character in it. How and why Swift should have written it is incomprehensible. It is not likely that either will be read: but the "Swiftiana" are very good reading. Many of them have at different times been published with the notes to Clarendon and Burnet: but this is the completest collection that has been made. As examples of Swift with his bludgeon; Macky describes Charles Lord Townshend amongst other things as "beloved by everybody that knows him". Swift's comment is "I except one". To a description of Chesterfield Swift adds "If it be old Chesterfield I have heard he was the greatest knave in England". The worst of collected editions is that we always get much that is of no value: but if this volume is in some degree an instance of the rule it is quite saved by the "Swiftiana".

"Mr. Balfour's Apologetics Critically Examined." London: Watts. 1902. 3s. 6d. net.

The anonymous author of this little work has involved his argument in some confusion by the attempt to combine two not entirely coincident ends. His avowed object is to detect the fallacies in Mr. Balfour's attempt to base an apology for religious belief on an agnostic philosophy; his real purpose, however, is soon perceived to be an attack on the thing apologised for rather than on the apologist. Now it need not follow that if Mr. Balfour's defence of Theism is a bad one, Theism itself is indefensible; hence an argument that aims at proving both conclusions at once is manifestly in danger of resulting in an *ignoratio elenchi* and so proving neither. The reasoning of the present author is throughout of a type which may fairly be summarised by the following disjunctive syllogism. "Either religion is true or science is true; now science is true; ergo religion is not". Obviously this conclusion depends on the soundness of the initial assumption that the alternatives of the disjunctive premiss are mutually incompatible. If there may be truth in both religion and science, the inference becomes a mere *petitio principii*. Hence it is essential to the writer's case to show that the purely naturalistic philosophy he professes, which certainly is incompatible with the ascription of any truth to religious belief, is an integral part of the postulates of science. Proof of this position is all the more indispensable, seeing that most of the creators of modern science have either positively rejected, or at least expressly abstained from accepting, the dogmas of naturalism. Descartes, Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, Faraday, Darwin; not one of these was a dogmatic naturalist. The author however, like so many of those who talk about science from the outside is content to dogmatise where wiser minds prefer to inquire. Unless you grant his metaphysical postulate that naturalism is the only coherent way of thinking and therefore the only rational philosophy, his polemic against religious belief falls in principle to the ground.

"Christian Victor: the Story of a Young Soldier." By T. Herbert Warren. London: Murray. 1903. 12s. net.

Prince Christian Victor's life has been told by Mr. Warren at the instance of friends, who supply the too ready excuse for most of the attenuated records of purely personal interest which find their way into the book market. If every detail of the Prince's thirty-three years were not deemed worthy of note his biography would be taken out of the tiresome category to which the majority belong. The Prince was no ornamental soldier. At school he was among the first in field sports and in campaigns on the Indian frontier, in Ashanti and in South Africa he threw himself with zeal into his duties. That he did

not "play at soldiering" is shown by the way he worked with the army in Natal. He took part in the battle of Colenso and saw a good deal of hard fighting elsewhere. He was looking forward to returning home with Lord Roberts when he was seized with enteric in Pretoria and died on 29 October, 1900. He was buried in South Africa by his own wish. "If anything happens to me," he wrote to his mother, "please don't have me brought home, it is so unfair on the men if the officers are brought home as they have to be left out. What's good enough for the men is good enough for me." Among the best tributes to his memory was that of an Austrian journalist who seems to have been astonished to find a prince at once so genial and so intelligent. "With the death of his Royal Highness mankind loses a noble member of the human community; the race of princes, a rare prince; the English army a most promising staff officer of rich military experience which he had won by participation in six of England's warlike expeditions."

"Robert Buchanan: Some Account of his Life his Life's Work and his Literary Friendships." By Harriett Jay. London: Unwin. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

This book has not impressed us greatly, but we dare say it is being read with interest by a good many people. One chapter which we have found readable is that which deals with Lewes, Browning and George Eliot, but its tone is not quite nice. It is scarcely necessary to modify one's view of Browning by reason of anything here set forth. The book contains appreciations by Mr. Sims and Mr. Salt who writes from the "humanitarian" standpoint; whilst various gems from Mr. T. P. O'Connor's organs of opinion are scattered throughout its pages. The author tells us that Mr. Buchanan went out shooting sometimes but "disdained the savageries of the battue" preferring rather to seek game even at his peril. We are not clear as to the nature of the peril. He went grouse-shooting in Scotland and wild fowl-shooting on the marshes near Pevensey with Mr. Black. "I do not think he shot anything on that occasion, but Mr. Black killed one or two field fares over which he was quite jubilant." Mr. H. S. Salt in the succeeding chapter on the "humanitarianism" of Buchanan, does not refer to this.

"The Life of Bret Harte." By T. Edgar Pemberton. London: Pearson. 1903. 16s.

There is a little too much "newspaper" in Mr. Pemberton's account of Bret Harte which tends at times to make one impatiently conscious of the biographer when we wish to be conscious only with the man whom he writes of. The "bright" way of writing ought to be avoided by the biographer. But the book has been right heartily done by an enthusiast, who knew his man intimately. Among the letters we notice one by Froude to Bret Harte in which he says "We are taken in this world at our own estimate of ourselves, and if we rate ourselves high, the more other people will give for us"—which seems rather "cheap" and superficial for Froude.

"Wisdom While You Wait." London: Isbister. 1903. 1s.

The most purely laughable satire written for some time; and it owes something of the accuracy of its aim to the size of the target, the "Encyclopædia Britannica". It is illustrated on every page with old blocks dating from the beginning of printing. The first picture of the Eddystone lighthouse appears as "a superb plate from the article on automobilism" with the subscript legend "Lighthouse as seen from Motor-car". Is the ludicrous sketch illustrating the arrest of the Humberts from Thackeray? Many distinguished people write "unsolicited testimonials". Mr. George Alexander finds that four volumes of the Encyclopædia fulfil the function of a perfect press for trousers. The Duchess of Devonshire asks for it to be taken away "as we cannot keep the Duke awake". It will save the modesty of intending purchasers to know that secrecy is guaranteed if required. The volumes will be sent as groceries, pianos, pressed beef, cork lino &c. and Mr. Bernard Shaw writes his thanks for this thoughtful provision: "So admirable were the precautions of your secret supply service that Mrs. Shaw is still under the impression that the cellar contains a year's supply of grape nuts". From the same publisher has been issued a satire on "Gulliver Joe's" journey. The parody is just near enough to Swift and the bombast of the press on Mr. Chamberlain's journey is well satirised. May we hope that satire is beginning to grow popular again?

"A Third Pot-pourri." By Mrs. C. W. Earle. London: Smith, Elder. 1903. 7s. 6d.

"A Perfect Baby Food," "Directions for Preparing Graham Gruel," "To Cure Two Hams at a Time" are some of the headings in this book. Then there is Mr. Morley's letter respecting the Acton Library to the Duke of Devonshire; some verses by a Mr. J. Rhoades called "Stars" which begin

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NUNDYDROOG COMPANY.

A Record Year in Output and Profit.

THE tenth ordinary general meeting of the Nundydroog Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., under the presidency of Captain William Bell McTaggart (the Chairman of the Company).

The Chairman, in asking the acting-secretary to read the notice, expressed regret that their permanent secretary (Mr. Richard Garland) was unable to be present on account of ill-health—happily, he hoped, of a temporary nature.

Mr. F. H. Williams (acting-secretary) then read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: The secretary having read the notice convening the meeting, and also the auditors' report, it now becomes my duty to rise to move the adoption of the report and accounts. This document has been in your hands for a considerable time, and therefore I assume that we may take it as read, which will prevent my wearying you by going through the whole of the report, which, no doubt, you have all studied. There are some points to which I may call your special attention, and the first is as to the amount of quartz crushed during the year. This amounted to 55,940 tons, which produced 52,677 ozs. of gold, and 60,409 tons of tailings treated by the cyanide process yielded 5,357 ozs.—together, 58,034 ozs. of gold. The average extraction from the quartz was 18 dwts. 20 grs. per ton and from the tailings 1 dwt. 18 grs., against 19 dwts. 10 grs. and 2 dwts. 3 grs. respectively in the previous year. Larger quantities, however, were dealt with by 3,970 tons of quartz and 193 tons of tailings, and in net result there was an increase of 1,037 ozs. of gold. This gold realised £218,179 19s. 7d., or a net amount of £207,332 1s. 6d. after deducting royalty. Other credits for transfer fees, rents and fines, interest, &c., amounting to £1,591 6s. 1d., raised the income to £208,923 7s. 7d. The ordinary expenditure was £109,353 14s. 2d., and there resulted a profit for the year of £99,569 13s. 5d. With the amount brought forward of £5,665 8s. 7d., and interest on Consols, £143 17s. 10d., there was a total profit of £105,378 19s. 10d. to be dealt with. Out of this interim dividends were paid as follows: 1s. 3d. per share on July 18, and 1s. 3d. per share on November 19, amounting together to £65,500. Other items were charged to profit and loss account, for income-tax on profit, depreciation, and special missions to India—in all, £8,106 18s. 3d.; and a balance remained at the end of December of £36,772 1s. 7d. Out of this we declared a final dividend of 1s. 6d. per share on February 25, payable on March 24, which absorbs £36,300, and will leave the sum of £472 1s. 7d. to be carried forward. The year's dividends have, therefore, amounted to £96,800, or 4s. on each 10s. share—equal to 40 per cent. on the capital, as against 37½ per cent. paid for the year 1901. This sum exceeds the highest distribution previously made by £3,300, and it may be mentioned that the total dividends paid since the commencement to date amount to £824,930 4s. 6d. So much for the records of the past year, as regards quartz crushed and gold won and the amount of money received. Well, the year that has passed has been a very notable one in the history of the operations of this Company. In the first place, we have had an enormous installation of electrical plant to bring us our great amount of horse-power from the Cauvery Falls, which is a distance of 90 miles. It has been successfully installed, successfully opened, and is now running practically without a hitch. I think I am right in saying it is one of the first magnitude in the world, if not the largest; and so carefully have all the arrangements been carried out that, with the exception of two

hours in the first three or four days of working, there has been no hitch or cessation of the motive power. This is a very important matter to us all. It means far greater economy in work, and that far better work can be got out of the mills and machinery, and it also means that as time goes on we shall be charged less and less every year, and in the end it means a very large saving of money to this Company. Another large matter has been taken in hand by the Mysore Government, who once again have shown us how they prize and treasure the mining industry, and how, with wise forethought, they have done, and are doing, all they can to further our interests. You know that we are always subject to a water difficulty on this field, not only for the service of our machinery, but for drinking and domestic purposes. There is a large tank eight miles from the field, called the Betamangalum Tank. Now, to people who have not had the privilege of being in India, a tank has sometimes a curious meaning. We know it is often associated in people's minds with a small tin box kept somewhere in the attic; but in India it may mean any reservoir, from a place the size of this room to one the size of Windermere. This Betamangalum Tank is at least four square miles in extent, and the Government propose to more than double the capacity by raising the bund which extends across one end of it. As this reservoir is about a mile long, this is an enterprise of no light character. It requires not only forethought and skill to carry it out, but also a considerable amount of money. Not only do they propose to do this, but the Mysore Government are going to inaugurate a large system of filtering beds, where the water flows out of this tank, and there will shortly be delivered to our mines—we hope before the end of the year—an enormous supply of fresh and filtered water. This will not only mean considerable economy in mining and milling, because all impurities in the water interfere with the winning of gold from the ores, but it will also mean a similar diminution in the various diseases so common in India. You will understand that the surface tanks get very easily polluted, and there is also the water which we have to pump out from the bottom of the mines, owing to their dwelling therein so many of our employes, that it means large impurities from that source also. No doubt a great deal of the illness in the camp has arisen from the impossibility of our getting pure water for the natives and also Europeans to drink. The health of the camp has been fairly good, I am happy to say, during the last year, although we have had our usual quota of cases of plague, and few cases of cholera, and small-pox, and, of course, fever and the usual diseases that infest these tropical countries. But I am happy to say that, owing to the continued skill and energy of the medical staff, there has been no epidemic, and the health of the camp has, on the whole, remained fairly good. I should here say that we heartily appreciate, as I am sure you do, the unremitting skill and care which the medical officers have given to this difficult problem, and congratulate them on the success with which they have carried out their engagements. We have placed on record our appreciation of Mr. Richards' management, and from this place I wish to endorse that appreciation very much indeed. Mr. Richards has been with us a great many years, and in care and skill and industry he is second to no one on the field. We have absolute confidence in all he tells us, and I may say that in every case his statements have been absolutely and completely verified. Under the circumstances I am sure you will appreciate my feelings when I say that it gives me the greatest possible pleasure in moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. H. D. H. Fergusson seconded the motion; Mr. Edgar Taylor gave a technical account of the "highly satisfactory" record of the mine during the past year; and the motion was then agreed to unanimously.

PAQUIN, LIMITED.

THE sixth annual general meeting of the shareholders of Paquin, Limited, was held yesterday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., under the presidency of Mr. John Barker, J.P., Chairman of the Company.

The Secretary (Mr. Thomas Nevell) read the notice convening the meeting and also the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said: Last year you had an interesting statement concerning the progress of the Company and its friends and colleagues, Sir Alfred Newton, who presided in my unavoidable absence. The statement I have to make to-day will, I hope, be regarded as still more satisfactory to the shareholders. With the exception of our phenomenal success during the year of the Paris Exhibition, preceding the war, the year just closed has been the most prosperous since the business of Paquin, Limited came under the management of your board. Your directors are entirely satisfied with the present position of the Company, and they look forward to a continuance of its prosperity. The prospectus foretold a profit of about £60,000 on the year's trading. During the past six years, commencing with the first year of the Company's existence, the profits have been: in 1897, £59,585; 1898, £64,344; 1899, £70,183; 1900, £88,886; 1901, £70,984; 1902, £75,217; making a total of £429,179. The average profits therefore made by the English Company for the six years ending 31st December last (1902) amount to over £71,000 per annum. In other words, the English Company under the management of your Board has during the past six years made a profit roughly amounting to £430,000, which is just £70,000 below the Company's entire capital of half a million sterling. It may be said with confidence that few commercial undertakings could, during the same period, have shown such a record of steady and continuous growth. We have indeed every reason to congratulate ourselves upon being shareholders in this progressive business. It will be seen from the report of your directors that the profit for 1902 is some £4,233 above that of the previous year. Considering that last year was one of marked depression in trade generally, more especially in fancy departments, the fact of making £4,000 additional profit is fairly conclusive that the business is conducted upon a sound basis. We should have had still better results had not the season, which opened so brilliantly, been suddenly terminated by the unfortunate illness of the King, as the orders which had been placed with us for Court dresses were either postponed or withdrawn. It is not too much to say that the social and other functions which have so happily signalled their Majesties' accession to the throne, are a happy augury of returning prosperity. Indeed, no one knows better than his Majesty, whose sagacity and tactfulness are proverbial, that commercial prosperity is directly and indirectly affected by the social activities of the Court and the Royal Households. Everything points to a most successful season of trading for our Company. The accounts I have received this morning show that since the first day of January each month's turnover is considerably in excess of the corresponding period last year. It cannot be disputed that, among the highest class of costumiers, Paquin is supreme; and it is a fact that the fashionable world recognise that a gown or frock or skirt originating from this establishment is original and unique in artistic design. It may also be said without fear of contradiction that our models are absolutely the best and most artistic creations we have ever issued. Indeed, our conclusive clientele in the principal capitals of the world, who are the best judges, are unanimous that the Paquin gown this season has eclipsed those of every house in Paris and London. I hope, therefore, we shall be able to place before you even better results at our next annual meeting.

In going at length through the balance sheet the Chairman said: The profit and loss account shows a final net amount to be dealt with of £60,180, which is proposed, subject to your approval, should be appropriated as follows:—The dividend for the year at 6 per cent. on the preference shares less tax amounts to £14,073. Carry forward to reserve £9,230 8s. 9d., making a general reserve fund of £59,594. To pay a dividend of 10 per cent. from the year less tax of the ordinary shares (of which 3 per cent. has already been paid) will require a further sum of £23,433. Placing £6,714 to the credit of the ordinary shareholders' dividend account it will then amount to £44,702. After paying the substantial dividend of 10 per cent. to the ordinary shareholders and making the large additions to the reserve funds we carry forward to the credit of the year 1903, the sum of £6,714. To summarise my remarks: You will observe that during our six years' trading as a Company we have made total net profits of about £340,000; the preference shareholders have regularly received their 6 per cent. dividends; while the ordinary shareholders have never received a dividend of less than 10 per cent. Therefore, with the dividends you are now asked to sanction, the ordinary shareholders will have received a total return on their capital of 60 per cent. in addition to which the Company has created reserve funds of over £100,000. I am sure the shareholders agree that we are much indebted to all the members of the staff in this huge business, who have contributed to this satisfactory result. The Company's prosperity is largely the result of the skill and taste and untiring efforts of Monsieur and Madame Paquin who, as you are aware, are very large ordinary shareholders

and do all in their power to promote the welfare of the Company. I will now formally move that the report and balance sheet for the year ending 31st December, 1902, be received and adopted and the balance dividend of 7 per cent. on the ordinary shares making a total of 10 per cent. be declared and paid.

Sir Alfred Newton, Bart., seconded the resolution, which, after a friendly discussion, was carried unanimously.

A resolution to grant to the directors an extra sum of £1,000 this year, and in all future years if 19 per cent. dividend is paid to shareholders, was agreed to unanimously.

At an extra meeting, the board were authorised to raise capital to acquire the freehold of the Company's premises in Mayfair, London.

This terminated the proceedings.

EASTMAN'S, LIMITED.

THE fourteenth ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of Eastman's, Limited, was held yesterday, at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., the Right Hon. Lord Greville (Chairman of the Company) presiding. The Secretary (Mr. John L. Bisset) read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman, having read the auditors' certificate, said: As shown in paragraphs 2 and 3 of the directors' report, we paid 12 per cent. of dividend to the preference shareholders in 1902, thus paying off the arrears up to May 15, 1902, and leaving seven and a half months of arrears to end of 1902 still to pay, equivalent to 5 per cent., or 10s. per share. The result of the year's working compares unfavourably with the previous year, when we paid 16 per cent.; but this is explained by the extraordinary conditions under which we had to carry on the business in 1902. There was a heavy deficiency in the supply of meat available for consumption in this country. The shortage of the maize crop in the United States of America in 1901 made it impossible for the farmers to fatten the usual number of cattle, and shipments to the English markets fell off to the extent of 45,000 tons of beef as compared to the shipments in 1901. Australia shipped very little meat to this country, owing to the bad effects of the long-continued drought, and had to draw meat from New Zealand to eke out her requirements for home consumption. South Africa, owing to the devastating effects of the war, had to draw largely from New Zealand and the Argentine Republic, meat which would in normal times have been shipped to England. The net result of all this was that our purchases for our own trade cost us upwards of £200,000 more than the same weight of meat would have cost in 1901. This of course affected us as retailers, who can never do as well when wholesale prices are high as they can when they are low. Our two American businesses suffered from the same cause—dear meat—and we got very little help from them. I am glad to say that the good maize crop in the United States in 1902 has brought about a great reduction in the price of beef there—a reduction of 2d. per pound from the highest point reached; and both our American and our British businesses are now benefiting therefrom. The drought is now broken up in Australia, and shipments from Australia, New Zealand, the Argentine, and the United States also promise to be considerably heavier in 1903 than in 1902. The ports have been re-opened for the admission of live cattle from Argentina, which will help to increase the supply, and make the conditions more favourable for our business. Great Britain has to draw about one-third of her supply of fresh meat from abroad. We have now 905 retail shops in the United Kingdom, and cold stores capable of holding about 310,000 carcasses of mutton. Our sales of all kinds of fresh meat during the year amounted to £2,500,000. I regret very much that we were not able to pay off all the arrears of dividend on the preference shares last year, so that the ordinary shareholders might have had some dividend this year (1903); I think, however, that we shall be able to pay off the balance of arrears this year, and that the ordinary shareholders have a good chance of a dividend in 1904. Having explained the figures in the balance-sheet, the Chairman said: The policy we adopted in the year 1900, of giving up our wholesale shipping business from New York, and relying on the English markets for our supplies, has worked well, and although we had to pay such high prices in 1902 for American chilled meat in the English market, we got it cheaper than we could have produced it in America. All American shippers lost money in 1902. He then moved the adoption of the report and accounts; Mr. George Schiebler seconded the resolution and it was carried unanimously.

BEYER, PEACOCK AND CO.

THE annual general meeting of the shareholders of Beyer, Peacock and Co. (1902), Limited, was held on Wednesday, at the Westminster Palace Hotel, S.W., under the presidency of Sir Vincent Caillard (the Chairman of the Company).

The secretary (Mr. Samuel Rider) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said it was a great pleasure that, at their first ordinary general meeting, they were able to present a report showing so good a result for the first year's working. The year 1901 was, as he had said, the record year of the old Company. They had succeeded in breaking that record, and had out-topped it by over £6,000. They would have seen by the report that the profits earned up to April 22 last, when the present Company started work on its own account, amounted to £28,715, while the interest to be paid at that date amounted to only £11,532, leaving a balance of profit in their favour to be credited to capital, according to the principles laid down by the auditors, of £17,183. The Chairman continued: After paying our debenture interest and preference share dividends, writing off the whole of the preliminary expenses amounting to £7,131, and carrying to reserve, in all, upwards of £25,000, we are able to recommend the distribution of the dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate foreshadowed by the prospectus—i.e., 10 per cent. per annum—and to carry forward over £20,000 to this year's accounts. Clearly we could, if we had deemed it advisable, have proposed the distribution of a much larger dividend; but we have thought fit to adopt a conservative policy, which we are convinced will meet with hearty approval from all thoughtful shareholders. These are times of keen competition; times when we must be always on the alert for improvements—always more improvement—in order that we may meet our rivals on equal terms, and maintain for ourselves that honourable place in the field of locomotive trade which it is the pride of the firm of Beyer-Peacock to have held for so long. That firm has been for a long period of years re-eminent for its faultless workmanship. I believe that there are locomotives which were turned out forty years ago from its workshops still running in almost as good condition as when they were first steamed, and, apparently, they will continue to run in equally good condition as long as the earth continues to turn. (Laughter.) I might add, without wishing to cast any reflection on any of our predecessors, that the firm has also been pre-eminent for its scale of prices. Well, it is our desire and our intention to maintain to the full the reputation of Beyer-Peacock for fine workmanship, while being, perhaps, not quite so careful to maintain it for fine prices. This is not from any particular inclination on our part, but because trade of all kinds is, after all, if I may employ paradox for a moment, conducted on the lines of peaceful war. I think I may say that we have secured our fair share of re-ent orders, although trade is not so brisk as we could wish. In terminating my remarks, I desire to give full meed of praise to the staff at Gorton Foundry for the manner in which they have fulfilled their duties. Finally, we have, as you know, elected Mr. S. W. Pilling to our board, and we shall now submit his name to you, as we are obliged by the articles of association, for his election. We feel we shall derive great advantage from his accession to our board.

I might give notice here that the dividend warrants will be issued on April 8. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Sir Frederick Lacy Robinson, K.C.B., seconded the motion, which, in the absence of questions, was put and carried unanimously.

A shareholder moved the re-election of Mr. S. W. Pilling as a director, and Mr. Stobart seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Folds next moved: "That the profits earned by the Company between April 22 and December 31, 1902, being at a higher rate for this period than £63,000 per annum, the directors be paid, in addition to their fixed remuneration under the articles of association, the sum of £605 17s. 9d., being the proportion of the further sum of £1,000 mentioned in Article 77 for the said period."

This was seconded by Major-General Carnell, and carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors concluded the proceedings.

LANGLAAGTE DEEP, LIMITED.

From the DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT for the Three Months ending 31st JANUARY, 1903.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 13,138'491 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 7'174 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

DR.	Cost.	Cost per Ton Milled.
To Mining Expenses	£30,920 1 5	£0 16 10'627
Milling Expenses	4,158 7 1	0 2 3'250
Cyaniding Expenses	3,930 6 10	0 2 1'756
General Expenses	3,637 12 9	0 1 7'906
Head Office Expenses	1,235 12 11	0 0 8'097
Working Profit	43,282 1 0	1 3 7'638
	11,887 12 0	0 6 5'902
	£55,169 13 0	£1 10 1'540

CR.	Value.	Value per Ton Milled.
By Gold Account	£55,169 13 0	£1 10 1'540

DR.	Value.
To Interest	£4,178 1 10
Net Profit	7,709 10 2
	£11,887 12 0

CR.	Value.
By Balance Working Profit, brought down	£11,887 12 0

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £764 os. 8d.

GLEN DEEP, LIMITED.

From the DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT for the Three Months ending 31st JANUARY, 1903.

The Total Yield in fine gold from all sources 7,907'350 ozs.
The Total Yield in fine gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 7'841 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

DR.	Cost.	Cost per Ton Milled.
To Mining Expenses	£15,901 9 2	£0 15 9'218
Milling Expenses	3,798 17 4	0 3 9'204
Cyaniding Expenses	4,033 5 0	0 3 11'993
General Expenses	2,295 5 0	0 2 3'318
Head Office Expenses	1,559 7 5	0 1 6'555
Working Profit	27,588 3 11	1 7 4'284
	5,493 9 10	0 5 5'369
	£33,081 13 0	£1 12 9'653

CR.	Value.	Value per Ton Milled.
By Gold Account	£33,081 13 9	£1 12 9'653

DR.	Value.
To Interest	£1,467 11 2
Net Profit	£4,025 18 8
	£5,493 9 10

CR.	Value.
By Balance Working Profit brought down	£5,493 9 10

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £3,339 12s. 3d.

CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LTD.

NOTICE TO SHAREHOLDERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the next Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders in the above-named Company will be held at Johannesburg, on Tuesday, 9th June, 1903, for the following business:—

- To receive and consider statement of Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors to 31st March, 1903.
- To elect Directors in the place of Messrs. R. O. G. Lys and C. S. Goldmann, who retire by rotation in terms of the Trust Deed, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
- To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration for the present Auditors.
- To transact any other business which is brought under consideration by the Report of the Directors and for any general business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 30th May to the 9th June, 1903, inclusive.

Any new nominations for the position of Director of the Company must be notified in writing at the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 30 clear days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer wishing to be present or represented at the Meeting must deposit their Shares at the places and within the times following:—

- At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- At the London Transfer Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- At the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas, 3 Rue d'Antin, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

By order,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
23rd March, 1903.

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